PR
1989
H6A7
1790
v.2

SRIOGHAL MO DHREAM
ARD CHOILLE

Morison's Edition

Engraved from original designs by Mr. Birrell.

Henry the Minstrel (Blind Harry)

THE

METRICAL HISTORY

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,

KNIGHT OF ELLERSLIE,

BY

HENRY,

COMMONLY CALLED

BLIND HARRY:

CAREFULLY TRANSCRIBED FROM THE M. S. COPY OF THAT WORK, IN THE

ADVOCATES' LIBRARY,

UNDER THE EYE OF THE

EARL OF BUCHAN.

AND NOW PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME, ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT AND TRUE ORTHOGRAPHY.

WITH NOTES AND DISSERTATIONS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

352.14
16/9/94

" A! Fredome is a nobill thing!
" Fredome maks a man to have lykinge,
" Fredome all solace to men gives,
" He lives at eſe that freely lives!

BARBOUR'S BRUS.

PERTH:

PRINTED BY R. MORISON JUNIOR,
FOR R. MORISON AND SON, BOOKSELLERS; PERTH.
M,DCC,XC.

PR
1989
H6A7
1790
v.2

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK. VII.

Wallace ſees a Viſion—Burns the Barns of Air—Puts Biſhop Beik out of Glaſgow—Kills Lord Peircie—Goes to Lorn againſt Macfadzan—Kills Macfadzan—Takes Perth—At Aberdeen—Burns Dunotter—Drives Lord Beaumont out of Buchan—Beſieges Dundee—Battle of Stirling—Sir Criſtal Seton Kills Herbottle.

IN Feuerzher—befell ye ſamyn eace,
Yat Ingliſmen tuk trewis with Wallace.
Yis paſſyt our till March till end was ſocht.
Ye Ingliſmen keſt all ye wayis yai mocht,
With ſuttelte, and wykkit illuſione,
Ye worthi Scotts to put to confuſioune;
In Aprill ye king of Ingland come
In Cummyrland off Pomfrat fro hys home;
Into Carleill till a conſell he zeid,
Quharoff ye Scotts mycht haiff full mekill dreid;

Mony Captayne yat was off Ingland born,
Yidder yai paſt, and ſemblyt yar king beforn;
Na Scotts man till yat cunſaill yai cald,
Bot Schyr Amar, yat traytour was off ald.
At hym yai ſperd, how yai ſuld tak on hand,
Ye rychtwyſs blud to ſcour out off Scotland.
Schyr Amar ſaid, yair Chyftane can weill do,
Rycht wyſs in wer, and has gret power to;
And now yis trew giffs yaim ſic hardyment,
Yat to your faith yai will nocht all conſent:
Bot wald yow do rycht as I wald yow ler,
Yis peſs to yaim it ſuld be ſald full der.
Yan demyt he, ye fals Sothroune amang,
How yai mycht beſt ye Scotts Barownis hang.
For gret barnys yat tyme ſtud intill Ayr,
Wrocht for ye king, quhen hys lugyng was yar,
Byggyt about, yat no man entir mycht,
Bot ane at anys, nor haiff off oyir ſicht,
Yar ordand yai yir lords ſuld be ſlayne,
A juſtice maid, quhilk was of mekill mayne.
To Lord Perſye off yis mattir yai laid.
With ſad awyſs agayne to yaim he ſaid,
Yai men to me has kepyt treuth ſa lang,
Deſaitfully I may nocht ſe yaim hang.
I am yar ſa, and warn yaim will I nocht,
Sa I be quytt, I rek nocht quhat be wrocht;
Fra ynce I will, and towart Glaſkow draw,
With our Bbſchope to her off hys new law.
Yan cheſyt yai a juſtice fers and fell,
Quhilk Arnulff hecht, as my auctour will tell,

Off

Off South-hamtoune, yat huge hie her and Lord,
He undirtuk to pyne yaim with ye cord.
Ane oyir in Glaſkow ordand yai,
For Cliddiſdaill men, to ſtand yat ſamyn day;
Syne chargyt yaim, in all wayis erneſtfully,
Be no kyne meyne Wallace ſuld not chaip by:
For weill yai wyſt, and yai men war owrthrawin,
Yai mycht at will bruk Scotland as yair awin.
Yis band yai cloiſs undir yair ſeillis faſt,
Syne ſouth our mur agayn King Edward paſt.
Ye new juſtice reſawit was in Ayr.
Ye Lord Perſye can on to Glaſkow fayr.
Yis Ayr was ſet in Jun ye auchtand day,
And playnly ſeryt, na fre man war away.
Ye Scotts marweld, and peſs tane in ye land,
Quhy Ingliſmen ſic maiſtir tuk on hand.
Schyr Ranald ſet a day befor yis Ayr,
At Monktoune kyrk, hys freynds mett hym yar.
William Wallace on to ye tryſt couth paſs,
For as yan Wardane off Scotland he was.
Yis maiſtir Jhon a worthi clerk was yar,
He chargyt hys kyne for to byd fra yat Ayr;
Rycht weill he wyſt, fra Perſye fled yat land,
Gret perell was to Scotts apperand.
Wallace fra yaim to ye kyrk he zeid,
Pater Noſter, Aue, he ſaid, and Creid;
Syne to ye grete he lenyt hym ſobyrly,
Apon a ſleip he ſlaid full ſodandly.
Kneland folowed, and ſaw hym fallyn on ſleip,
He maid no noyis, bot wyſly couth hym kepe.

In yat ſlummir cummand hym thocht he ſaw,
Ane agyt man faſt towart hym couth draw,
Sone be ye hand he hynt hym haiſtele,
I am, he ſaid, in wiage chargyt with ze.
A ſuerd hym gaiff off burly burnyſt ſteill,
Gud ſone, he ſaid, yis brand zow ſall bruik weill.
Off topaſtone hym thocht ye plumat was,
Bathe hilt and hand all glitterand lik ye glas.
Der ſon, he ſaid, we tary her to lang,
Yow ſall go ſe quhar wrocht is mekill wrang;
Yan he hym led till a montane on hycht,
Ye warld hym thocht he mycht ſe with a ſycht.
He left hym yar, ſyne ſone fra hym he went.
Yaroff Wallace ſtudyt in hys entent,
Till ſe hym mar he had ſtill gret deſyr,
Yarwith he ſaw begyne a felloune fyr,
Quhilk braithly brynt on breid throw all ye land,
Scotland atour, fra Roſs to Sulway ſand.
Yan ſone till hym yar deſcendyt a queyne,
In lumyt, lycht, ſchynand full brycht and ſcheyne;
In hyr preſens apperyt ſa mekill lycht,
Yat all ye fyr ſche put out off hys ſycht,
Gaiff hym a wand off colour reid and greyne,
With a ſaffyr ſanyt hys face and eyne,
Welcum, ſche ſaid, I cheiſs ze as my luff,
Yow ar grantyt be ye gret God abuff,
Till help pepill yat ſuffers mekill wrang,
With ye as now I may nocht tary lang,
Yow ſall return to yi awne oyſs agayne,
Yi derraſt kyn ar her in mekill payne;

Yis

Yis rycht regioune yow mon redeme it all,
Yi laſt reward in erd ſall be bot ſmall;
Let nocht yarfor, tak redreſs off yis myſs,
To yi reward yow ſall haiff leſtand blyſs.
Off hyr rycht hand ſche betaucht hym a buk,
Humilly yus hyr leyff full ſone ſche tuk,
Into ye cloud aſcendyt off hys ſycht.
Wallace brak up ye buk in all hys mycht.
In thre parts ye buk weill wrytten was,
Ye fyrſt writtyng was groſs lettris of bras,
Ye ſecund gold, ye thrid was ſiluer ſcheyne.
Wallace merweld quhat yus writtyng ſuld meyne;
To rede ye buk he beſyet hym ſa faſt,
Hys ſpreit agayne to walkand mynd is paſt,
And up he raiſs, ſyne ſowndly furth went,
Yis clerk he fand, and tald hym hys entent
Off yis wiſioune, as I haiff ſaid befor,
Completly throuch, quhat neds words mor.
Der ſon, he ſaid, my witt unabill is
To ranſik ſic, fer dreid I ſay off miſs;
Zeit I ſall deyme, yocht my cummyng be ſmall,
God grant na charge eſtir my words fall.
Sanct Androw was gaiff ze yat ſuerd in hand,
Off Sancts he is ye wowar off Scotland;
Yat montane is, quhar he ze had on hycht,
Knawlage to haiff off wrang yat yow mon rycht;
Ze fyr ſall be fell tithyngs, or ye part,
Quhilk will be tald in mony ſundry art.
I can nocht witt quhat queyne at it ſuld be,
Quheyr fortoun, or our lady ſo fre,

Lykly it is, be ye brychtnes ſche brocht,
Modyr off hym yat all yis warld has wrocht.
Ye pritty wand, I trew, be myne entent,
Aſſignes rewlle and cruell jugement;
Ye red colour, quha graithly underſtud,
Betaknes all to gret battaill and blud;
Ye greyn, curage, yat yow art now amang,
In ſtrowbill wer yow ſall conteyne full lang;
Ye ſaphyr ſtayne ſche bliſſit ye with all,
Is leſtand Grace, will God, ſall to yow fall;
Ye thrynfald buk is bot yis brokyn land,
Yow mon rademe be worthines off hand;
Ye bras lettris betakynnys bot to yis,
Ye gret oppreſs off wer and mekill myſs,
Ye quhilk yow ſall bryng to ye rycht agayne,
Bot yow yarfor mon ſuffer mekill payne;
Ye gold takynnis honour and worthines,
Wictour in armys, yat yow ſall haiff be grace;
Ye ſiluer ſchawis cleyne lyff and hewynys blyſs,
To yi reward yat myrth yow ſall nocht myſs,
Dreid nocht yarfor, be out off all dyſpayr.
Foryir as now heroff I can no mair.
He thankyt hym, and yus hys leyff has tayne,
Till Corſbe ſyne with hys uncle raid hayme;
With myrthis yus all nycht yai ſoiornyt yar,
Apon ye morn yai graith yaim to ye Ar,
And furth yai ryd, quhill yai come to Kingace,
With dreidfull hart yus ſperyt wycht Wallace
At Schyr Ranald, for ye chartir off peſs.
Neuo, he ſaid, yir words ar nocht les,

It is lewyt at Corſbe in ye kyſt
Quhar yow it laid, yaroff na othyr wiſt.
Wallace anſuerd, had we it her to ſchaw,
And yai be falſs, we ſuld nocht entir aw.
Der ſone, he ſaid, I pray zow paſs agayne,
Youch you wald ſend, yat trawaill war in wayne,
Bot yow or I, can nane it bryng yis tyde.
Gret Grace it was maid hym agayne to ryde.
Wallace raturnd, and tuk with hym bot thre,
Nane off yäim knew yis endentour but he.
Unhap hym led, forbid hym couth he nocht,
Off fals diſſayt yis gud knycht had na thocht.
Schyr Ranald raid, but reſtyng to ye toune,
Wittand na thing off all yis fals treſoune,
Yat wykked ſyng ſo rewled ye plainait,
Saturn was yan intill hys heaſt ſtait,
Aboun Juno in hys melancoly,
Jupiter Mars ay cruell off inwy;
Saturn as yan awanſyt hys natur,
Off terandry he power had and cur,
Rebell rewls in mony ſeir regioun,
Trubill weddyr makis ſchippis to droun;
Hys drychyn is with Pluto in ye ſe,
As off ye land, full off iniquite,
He waknys wer, waryng off peſtilence,
Fallyng off walls with cruell wiolence,
Puſoun is ryff, amang ye oyir things,
Sodeyn ſlauchter off emprours and kings;
Quhen Sampſone powed to grond ye gret piller,
Saturn was yan intill hys heaſt ſper;

At Thebes als off hys power yai tell,
Quhen Phiorax ſank throch ye Erd till hell;
Off ye Troians he had full mekill cur,
Quhen Achilles at Troy ſlew gud Ectur;
Burdeous ſchent, and mony citeis mo,
Hys power zeit it has na hap to ho;
In braid Brytane feill wengeance has beyne ſeyne,
Off yis and mar, ze wait weill quhat I meyne.
Bot to yis houſs, yat ſtalwart was and ſtrang,
Schyr Ranald come, and mycht nocht tary lang.
A bawk was knyt all full off rapys keyne,
Sic a towboth ſen ſyne was neuir ſeyne;
Stern men was ſet ye entre for to hald,
Nayne mycht paſs in, bot ay as yai war tald.
Schyr Ranald fyrſt to mak fewte for hys land,
Ye knycht went in, and wald na langar ſtand;
A rynnand cord yai ſlewit our hys hed,
Hard to ye bawk, and hangyt hym to ded.
Schyr Bryſs ye Blair next with hys Eyme in paſt,
On to ye ded yai haiſtyt hym full faſt,
Be he entryt hys hed was in ye ſnar,
Tyit to ye bawk hangyt to ded rycht yar.
Ye thrid entrit, yat pete was for thy,
A worthi knycht, Schyr Neill Mungummry;
And oyir feill off landyt men about,
Mony zeid in, bot na Scotts come out
Off Wallace paſt, yai put to yat derff deid;
Mony Crawfurd ſa endyt in yat ſteid.
Off Carrik men Kennadyſs ſlew yai als,
And kynd Cambells yat neuir had beyne falſs,

Yir rabellit nocht contrar yir rychtwyfs croun,
Sothroune for yi yaim put to confufioun.
Berklais, Boids, and Stuarts off gud kyn;
Na Scott chapyt yat tyme yat entrit in.
Upon ye bawk yai hangyt mony par,
Befid yann ded in ye nuk keft yaim yar.
Sen ye fyrft tyme yat ony wer was wrocht,
To fic a dede fo mony fic zeid nocht
Upon a day, throuch curffit faxons feid;
Wengeance off yis throuchout yat Kynryk zeid.
Grantyt was fra God in ze gret Hewyn,
Sa ordand he yat law fuld be yair ftewyn,
To falfs Saxons, for yair fell jugement,
Yar wykkydnes our all ye land is went.
Zhe nobill men, yat ar off Scotts kind,
Yar petous dede ze kepe into zour mynd,
And us rawenge, quhen we ar fet in thrang.
Dolour it is heron to tary lang.
Yus auchteyn fcor to yat derff dede yai dycht,
Off barronis bauld, and mony worthi knycht.
Quhen yai had flayne ye worthiaft yat was yar,
For waik pepill yai wald na langar fpar,
Intill a garth keft yaim out off yat fted,
As yai war born, dispulzeit, bar, and ded.
Gud Robert Boyd on till a tawern zeid,
With twenty men yat douchty war in deid,
Off Wallace houfs full cruell in entent,
He gouernyt yaim quhen Wallace was abfent.
Kerle turnyt with hys maiftir agayne,
Kneland and Boyd, yat mekill war in mayne.

Stewyn

Stewyn off Irland went furth, upon ye ſtreit
A trew woman full ſone with hym couth meit.
He ſparyt at hyr, quhat hapnyt in ye ayr.
Sorou, ſche ſaid, is nothing ellis yar.
Ferdly ſche aſt, allace, quhar is Wallace?
Fra us agayne he paſſyt at Kingace.
Go warn hys folk and haiſt yaim off ye toune,
To kepe hymſelf I ſall be reddy boune.
With hyr as yan no mar tary he maid,
Till hys fallowis he went withoutyn baid,
And to yaim tald off all yis gret mysfair,
To Laglane wode yai bownyt withoutyn mar.
Be yis Wallace was cummand wondir faſt,
For hys freynds he was full ſar agaſt;
On to ye bern ſadly he couth perſew,
Till entir in, for he na perell knew.
Yis woman yan upon hym loud can call,
O fers Wallace, feill tempeſt is befall,
Our men ar ſlayne, yat pete is to ſe,
As beſtiall hunds hangyt our a tre,
Our trew barrouns be twa and twa paſt in.
Wallace wepyt for gret loſs off hys kyn,
Yan with uneſs apon hys horſs he baid,
Mair for to ſper to yis woman he raid.
Der nece, he ſaid, ye trewth giff yow can tell,
Is my Eyme dede, or how ye cace befell.
Out off zon bern, ſche ſaid, I ſaw hym born,
Nakit, laid law on cald erd me beforn;
Hys froſty mouth I kiſſit in yat ſted,
Rycht now manlik, now bar, and brocht to ded,

And with a claith I coweryt hys licaym,
For in hys lyff he did neuir woman ſchayme.
Hys ſyſtirs ſone you art, worthi and wycht,
Rawenge yar dede, for Godds ſaik, at yi mycht;
Als I ſall help, as I am woman trew.
Der wycht, he ſaid, der, God ſen at you knew
Gud Robert Boid, quhar at you can hym ſe,
Wilzham Crawfurd als giff ye lyffand be,
Adam Wallace wald help me in yis ſtriff,
I pray to God ſend me all in liff;
For Marys ſaik bid yaim ſone cum to me,
Ye juſtice Innys yow ſpy for cheryte,
And in quhat feir yat yai yair lugyng mak,
Sone eftir yat we will our purpoſs tak
Into Laglane, quhilk has my ſuccour beyne,
Adew Market, and welcum wodds greyne.
Heroff as yan till hyr he ſpak no mair,
Hys brydill turnyt, and fra hyr can he fair;
Sic murnyng maid for hys der worthi kyn,
Hym thocht for baill yis breyſt ner bryſt in twyn.
As he yus raid in gret angyr and teyne,
Off Ingliſmen yar folowed hym fyfteyn,
Wycht, waillyt men, yat towart hym couth draw,
With a maſer, to tack hym to ye law.
Wallace raturnd, in greiff and matelent,
With hys ſuerd drawyn amang yaim ſone he went.
Ye myddyll off ane he mankit ner in twa,
Ane oyir yar apon ye hed can ta,
Ye thrid he ſtraik, and throuch ye coſt hym claiff,
Ye ferd to ground rycht derfly ded doune he draiff,

Ye

Ye fyfft he hit with gret ire in yat ſted,
Without reſkew dreidles he left yaim ded,
Yan hys thre men had ſlayn ye toyir fyffe;
Fra yaim ye laiff eſchapyt into lyff,
Fled to yair Lord, and tald hym off yis cace.
To Laglane wode yan rids wycht Wallace.
Ye Sothroune ſaid, quhat ane yat he hyt rycht,
Without merce, dredles to ded was dycht.
Merwell yai had ſic ſtrenth in ane ſuld be,
Ane off yair men at ilk ſtraik he gert de.
Yan demyt yai it ſuld be Wallace wycht.
To yar langage maid anſuer ane ald knycht,
Forſuth, he ſaid, be he chapyt yis Ayr,
All your new deid is eking off our cayr.
Ye juſtice ſaid, quhen yar ſic murmur raiſs,
Ze wald be ferd, and yar come mony faiſs,
Yat for a man methink you lik to ſle,
And wait nocht zett in deid gyff it be he;
And yocht it be, I count hym bot full lyeht,
Quha bids her ilk gentillman ſall be knycht:
I think to deill yair lands haill to morn
To yow about, yat ar off Ingland born.
Ye Sothroune drew to yair lugyng bot mar,
Four thouſand haill yat nycht was intill Ayr.
In gret bernyſs, biggyt without ye toune,
Ye juſtice lay, with mony bald baroune;
Yan he gert cry about yai waynys wyde,
Na Scotts born amang yaim yar ſuld byde.
To ye caſtell he wald nocht paſs for eyſs,
Bot ſoiornd yar with thing yat mycht hym pleyſs.

Great

Great purweans be ſe to yaim was brocht,
With Irland ayle ye mychteaſt couth be wrocht.
Na wach was ſet, becauſs yai had na dout
Off Scotts men yat leiſſand was without;
Lawberand in mynd yai had beyn all yat day,
Off ayle and wyne yneuch choſyne haiff yai:
As beſtly folk tuk off yaimſelff no keip,
In yair brawnys ſone ſlaid ye ſleuthfull ſleip,
Throch full gluttre in ſwarff ſwappyt lik ſwyn,
Yair Chyftane yan was gret Bachus off wyn.
Yis wyfs woman beſy amang yaim was,
Feill men ſche warnd and gert to Laglane paſs,
Hyrſelff formeſt, quhill yai with Wallace met,
Sum comfort yan intill hys mynd was ſet;
Quhen he yaim ſaw he thankyt God off mycht,
Tithands he aſt, ye woman tald hym rycht,
Slepand as ſwyn ar all yon fals menzhe,
Na Scotts man is in yat cumpane.
Yan Wallace ſaid giff yai all drokyn be,
I call it beſt with fyr for yaim to ſe.
Off gud men yan thre hundreth till hym ſocht;
Ye woman had tald thre trew burges at brocht,
Out off ye toune, with nobill ayle, and breid,
And oyir ſtuff, as mekill as yai mycht leid.
Ye eit and drank ye Scotts men yat mocht.
Ye nobils yan Jop has to Wallace brocht,
Sadly he ſaid, der freynds now ze ſe
Our kyne is ſlayne, yaroff is gret pete,
Throuch feill murthyr, ye gret diſpite is mor,
Now ſum rameid I wald we ſet yarfor.

Suppoſs yat I was maid Wardane to be,
Part ar away ſic chargs put to me,
And ze ar her cummyn off als gud blud,
Als rychtwyſs born, be awentur and als as gud,
Als forthwart, fair, and als likly off perſoun,
As euir was I; yarfor till concluſioun,
Latt us cheyſs fyſe off yis gud cumpane,
Syne caſlis caſt quha ſall our maiſter be.
Wallace and Boyd, and Crawfurd off renoun,
And Adam als yan Lord off Ricardtoune,
Hys fadyr yan was weſyed with ſeknes,
God had hym tayne intill his leſtand Grace;
Ye fyſt Awchinlek in wer a nobill man,
Caſlis to caſt about yir fyſſe began.
It wald on hym, for ocht yai cuth dewyſs,
Continualy, quhill yai had caſtyn thryſs.
Yan Wallace raiſs, and out a ſuerd can draw,
He ſaid, I wow to ye Makar off aw,
And till Mary, hys modyr wyrgyne cler,
My unclis dede now ſall be ſauld full der,
With mony man off our der worthi kyn,
Fyrſt, or I eit or drynk we ſall begyn,
For ſleuth nor ſleip ſall nayn remayn in me,
Off yis tempeſt till I awengeance ſe.
Yan all inclynd rycht humyll off accord,
And hym reſawit as Chyftane and yair Lord.
Wallace a lord he may be clepyt weill,
Yocht ruryk folk yaroff haiff litill feill,
Na deyme na lord, bot lands be yair part.
Had he ye warld, and be wrachit off hart,

He

He is no lord as to ye worthines,
It can nocht be, but fredome lord lyknes.
At ye rodds yai mak full mony ane,
Quhilk worthi ar, yocht lands haiff yai nane.
Yis diſcuſſyng I leiff herrolds till end,
On my mater now breiffly will I wend.
Wallace cummand a burgeſs for to get,
Fyne cawk eneuch, yat hys der nece mycht ſet
On ilk zeit, quhar Sothroune war on raw.
Yan twenty men he gert faſt wetheis thraw,
Ilk man a pair, and on yair arme yaim threw,
Yan to ye toune full faſt yai couth perſew.
Ye woman paſt befor yaim ſuttelly,
Cawkit ilk zeit, yat yai neid nocht gang by.
Yan feſtnyt yai with wetheis durs faſt,
To ſtapill and heſp, with mony ſekyr caſt.
Wallace gart Boyd ner hand ye caſtell ga,
With fyfte men, a jeperte to ma.
Gyff ony iſchit ye fyr quhen yat yai ſaw,
Faſt to zett he ordand yaim to draw.
Ye laiff with hym about ye bernys zheid.
Yis trew woman yaim ſeruit weill in deid,
With lynt and fyr, yai haiſtely kendill wald,
In euir ilk nuk yai feſtnyt bleſs bald.
Wallace commaund till all hys men about,
Na Sothroune man at yai ſuld lat brek out,
Quhat euir he be reſkewis off yat kyn,
Fra ye rede fyr, hymſelff ſall paſs yarin.
Ye lemand low ſone lauſſyt apon hycht.
Furſuth, he ſaid, yis is a pleſſand ſycht,

Till our harts it fuld be fum radrefs,
War yir away, yar power war ye lefs.
On to ye juftice hymfelff fone loud can caw,
Lat us to borch our men fra zour fals law,
At leyffand ar, yat chapyt fra zour ayr,
Deyll nocht yar land, ye unlaw is our fayr,
Yow had no rycht, yat fall be on ze feyne.
Rewmour raifs with cairfull cry and keyne.
Ye bryme fyr brynt rycht braithly apon loft,
Till flepand men yat walkand was nocht foft.
Ye fycht without was awfull for to fe:
In all ye warld na grettar payne mycht be,
Yan yai within fufferyt for to duell,
Yat euir was wrocht, bot purgatory or hell.
A payne off hell weill ner it mycht be cauld,
Mad folk with fyr hampryt in mony hauld.
Feill byggyns brynt, yat worthi war and wycht,
Gat nane away, knaiff, captane, nor knycht.
Quhen brands fell off rafftreis yaim amang,
Sum rudly raifs in byttir paynys and ftrang,
Sum nakyt brynt, but beltlefs all away,
Sum neuir raifs, bot fmoryt quhar yai lay;
Sum rufchyt faft till Ayr giff yai mycht wyn,
Blyndyt in fyr, yair deidis war full off dyn.
Ye reik mellyt with fylth off carioune,
Amang ye fyr, rycht foull off offenfioune,
Ye pepill beryt lik wyld beftis in yat tyde,
Within ye wallis rampand on ayir fyd,
Rewmyd in reuth, with mony gryfly greyne,
Sum grymly gret, quhill yair lyff dayis war gayne;

Sum

Sum durs ſocht ye entre for to get,
Bot Scotts men ſo wyſly yaim beſet,
Gyff ony brak, be awentur, off yat ſtede,
With ſuerds ſone bertnyt yai war to dede,
Or ellis agayn be forze drewyn in ye fyr;
Yar chapyt nayne bot brynt up bayne and lyr.
Ye ſtynk ſcalyt off dede bodyis ſa wyde,
Ye Scotts abhord ner hand for to byd,
Zeid to ye wynd, and leit yaim ewyn allayne,
Quhill ye rede fyr had yat fals blud ourgayne.
A Frer, Drumlay, was Priour yan off ayr,
Sewyn ſcor with hym yat nycht tuk herbry yar,
In his innys, for he mycht not yaim let,
Till ner mydnycht a wach on yaim he ſet,
Sum mendis he thocht to tak off yat ſuppryſs,
Hymſelff wouk weill quhill he ye fyr ſa ryſs.
Hys broyrs ſewyn till harnes ſone yai zeid,
Hymſelff Cheftayne ye remanand to leid.
Ye beſt yai waill off armour and gud ger,
Syne wapynnys tak, rycht awfull in affer.
Yir aucht frers in four parts yai ga,
With ſuerds drawyn, till ilk houſs zeid twa.
Sone entryt yai quhar Sothroune ſlepand war,
Apon yaim ſett with ſtraikis ſad and ſar;
Feill frekis yar yai frers dang to dede,
Sum nakit fled, and gat out off yat ſted,
Ye wattir ſocht, abaiſſit out off ſlepe,
In ye furd weill, yat was bath wan and depe,
Feill off yaim fell, yat brak out off yat place,
Dowkit to grounde, and deit withoutyn grace.

Drownyt and ſlayne war all yat harbryt yar,
Men callis it zeit, ye freris blyſſyng off Ayr.
Few folk off waill was lewyt upon cace
In ye Caſtell; Lord Perſye fra yat place,
Befor ye Ayr, fra ynce to Glaſkow drew,
Off men and ſtuff it was to purwa new;
Zeit yai within ſaw ye fyr byrnand ſtout,
With ſchort awyſs iſchit, and had na doubt.
Ye buſchement yan, as weryouris wifs and wycht,
Leit yaim allayne, and to ye houſs paſt rycht;
Boid wan ye port, entryit and all hys men,
Keparis in it was left bot nyne or ten;
Ye formaſt ſone hymſelff ſeſyt in hand,
Maid guyt off hym, ſyne ſlew all yat yai fand.
Off purweance in yat Caſtell was nayne,
Schort tyme befor Perſye was fra it gayne.
Ye Erle Arnulff had reſawit yat hauld,
Quhilk in ye toun was brynt to powder cauld.
Boyd gert ramayn off hys men twenty ſtill,
Hymſelff paſt furth to witt off Wallace will,
Kepand ye toun, quhill nocht was lewyt mar,
Bot ye wode fyr, and beylds brynt full bar.
Off lykly men, yat born was in Ingland,
Be ſuerd and fyr yat nycht deit fyffe thouſand.
Quhen Wallace men was weill togyddir met,
Gud freinds, he ſaid, ye knaw yat yar was ſet
Sic law as yis now into Glaſkow toune,
Be Byſchope Beik, and Perſye off renoune,
Yarfor I will in haiſt we yidder fair,
Off our gud kyn part ar loſſyt yar.

He

He gert full ſone ye burges till hym call,
And gaiff cummand in general to yaim all,
In kepyng yai ſuld tak ye houſs off Ayr,
And hald it haill quhill tyme yat we her mayr;
To byd our king caſtellys I wald we had,
Caſt we doune all, we mycht be demyt ourrad.
Yai gart meit cum, for yai had faſtyt lang,
Litill he tuk ſyne bownyt yaim to gang.
Horſs yai cheyſs, yat Sothroune had brocht yar,
Anew at will, and off ye toune can fair;
Thre hundreth haill was in hys cumpany,
Rycht wondir faſt raid yis gud chewalry
To Glaſkow bryg, yat byggyt was off tre,
Weill paſſit owr or Sothroune couth yaim ſe.
Lord Perſye wyſt, yat beſy was in wer,
Semblyt hys men fell awfull in effer;
Yan demyt yai yat it was wycht Wallace,
He had befor chapyt throw mony cace.
Ye Byſchope Beik and Perſye yat was wycht,
A thouſand led off men in armyſs brycht.
Wallace ſaw weill quhat nowmyr ſemblyt yar,
He maid hys men in twa parts to fair,
Graithit yaim weill without ye tounys end.
He callyt Awchinlek for he ye paſſage kend,
Uncle, he ſaid, be beſy into wer,
Quheyr will ze ye Byſchopis taill upber,
Or paſs befor, and tak hys benyſone.
He anſuerd hym, with rycht ſchort prowiſione,
Unbyſchoppyt zeit, for ſuth I trow you be,
Yourſelff ſall fyrſt hys blyſſing tak for me,

For

For ſekyrly ze ſeruit it beſt ye nycht;
To ber hys taill we ſall in all our mycht.
Wallace anſuerd ſen we mon ſyndry gang,
Perell yär is and ze bid fra us lang,
For zone ar men will nocht ſone be agaſt,
Fra tyme we meit for God ſaik haiſt yow faſt,
Our diſſcueryng I wald na Sothroune ſaw,
Behynd yaim cum, and in the Northaſt raw,
Gud men off wer ar all Northummyrland;
Yai partand yus tuk oyir be ye hand.
Awchinlek ſaid, we ſall do at we may,
We wald lik ill to byd oucht lang away;
A bouſtous ſtaill betwix us ſone mon be,
Bot to ye rycht all mycht God haiff e.
Adam Wallace and Awchinlek war boune,
Sewyn ſcor with yaim on ye bak ſyd ye toune;
Rycht faſt yai zeid, quhill yai war out off ſycht.
Ye toyir part arayit yaim full rycht,
Wallace and Boyd ye playne ſtreit up can ga.
Sothroune marweld becauſs yai ſaw na ma,
Yar ſenzhe cryit upon ye Perſyes ſyde,
With Byſchope Beik yat bauldly durſt abyde.
A ſayr ſembly was at yat metyng ſeyne,
As fyr on flynt it feyrryt yaim betweyne.
Ye hardy Scotts rycht awfully yaim abaid,
Brocht feill to ground throch weid yat weill was maid,
Perſſyt platts with poynts ſtiff off ſteill,
Befor off hand gert mony cruell kneill.
Ye ſtrang ſtour raiſs, as reik, upon yaim faſt,
Or myſt, throch ſone, up to ye clouds paſt.

To

To help yaimſelff ilk ane had mekill neid.
Ye worthi Scots ſtud in felloune dreid,
Zet furthwart ay yai preſſyt for to be,
And yai on yaim, gret wondyr was to ſe.
Ye Perſeis men in wer was oyſſit weill,
Rycht ferſly faucht and ſonzeit nocht a deill.
Adam Wallace and Awchinlek com in,
And partyt Sothroune rycht ſodeynly in twin,
Raturnd to yaim as nobill men in wer,
Ye Scotts gat rowme, and mony down ya ber;
Ye new countir aſſailziet yaim ſa faſt,
Throch Ingliſmen maid ſloppys at ye laſt.
Yan Wallace ſelff, into yat felloune thrang,
With hys gud ſuerd, yat hewy was and lang,
At Perſyes face with a gud will he bar,
Bathe bayne and brayne ye forgyt ſteill throch ſchar.
Four hundreth men, quhen Lord Perſye was dede,
Out off ye gait ye Byſchope Beik yai lede,
For yan yaim thocht it was no tyme to byd,
By ye frers kirk, till a wode faſt beſyd.
In yat foreſt forſuth yai taryt nocht,
On freſche horſs to Bothwell ſone yai ſocht.
Wallace folowed with worthi men and wycht,
Forfouchtyn yai war and trewald all ye nycht,
Zeit feill yai flew into ye chace yat day,
Ye Byſchope ſelff and gud men gat away;
Amar Wallange reſkewit hym in yat place,
Yat knycht full oft did gret harme to Wallace.
Wallace began off nycht ten hours in Ayr,
On day be nyne in Glaſkow ſemblyt yair,

Be ane our nowne at Bothwell zet he was,
Repreiffit Wallang or he wald foryir paſs;
Syne turnd agayne, as weyll witnes ye buk;
Till Dnudaff raid, and yar reſtyng he tuk,
Tald gud Schyr Jhon off yair tythands in Ayr,
Gret mayne he maid he was nocht with hym yar.
Wallace ſoiornd in Dundaff at hys will,
Fyffe dayis owt, quhill tithands come hym till,
Out off ye hycht, quhar gud men was forlorn,
For Bowchane raiſs, Adell, Menteth, and Lorn,
Apon Argyll a felloune wer yai mak,
For Edwards ſaik yus can yai undirtak.
Ye Knycht Cambell in Argyll yan was ſtill,
With hys gud men agayn King Edwards will,
And kepyt fre Lowchow hys heretage,
Bot Makfadzan yan did hym gret owtrage.
Yis Makfadzan till Ingliſmen was ſuorn,
Edward gaiff hym bath Argyll and Lorn.
Falſs Jhon off Lorn to yat gyft can concord,
In Ingland yan he was new maid lord.
Yus falsſly he gaiff owr hys heretage,
And tuk at London off Edwarde grettar wage.
Duncan off Lorn zeitt for ye lands ſtraiff,
Quhill Makfadzan ourſett hym with ye laiff,
Put hym off force to gud Cambell ye Knycht,
Quhilk into wer was worthi, wyſs and wycht.
Yus Makfadzan was entryt into Scotland,
And maruelusly yat tyrand tuk on hand,
With hys power, ye quilk I ſpake off ayr,
Yai four lordſchippis all ſemblyt till hym yar;

Fyfteyne

Fyfteyne thouſand off curſyt folk in deid,
Off all gaddryn, in oſt he had to leid;
And mony off yaim was out off Irland brocht,
Barnys nor wyff yai pepill ſparyt nocht,
Waiſtyt ye land als fer as yai mycht ga,
Yai beſtly folk couth nocht bot byrn and ſla.
Into Lowchow he entryt ſodeynly,
Ye Knycht Cambell maid gud defens for yi;
Till Crage Vyum with thre hundir he zeid,
Yat ſtrenth he held for all hys cruell deid,
Syne brak ye bryg, quhar yai mycht not out paſs,
Bot throuch a furd, quhar narow paſſage was;
Abandounly Cambell agayne yaim baid,
Faſt apon Aviſs yat was bathe depe and braid.
Makfadzan was apon ye toyir ſyd,
And yar on force behuffyt hym for to byd;
For at ye furde he durſt nocht entir out,
For gud Cambell mycht ſet hym yan in dout.
Makfadzane ſocht, and a ſmall paſſage fand,
Had he laſar, yai mycht paſs off yat land,
Betwix a roch and ye gret wattir ſyd,
Bot four in frount na ma mycht gang nor ryd.
In till Lowchow was beſtis gret plente,
A quhill he thocht yar with hys oſt to be.
And oyir ſtuff yat yai had with yaim brocht,
Bot all hys crafft awailzeit hym rycht nocht.
Dunkan off Lorn has ſeyne ye ſodeyne cace,
Fra gud Cambell he went to ſeik Wallace,
Sum helpe to get off yar turment and teyne;
Togydder befor in Dunde yai had beyne,

Lerand

Lerand at ſcule into yair tendyr age,
He thockt to ſlaik Makfadzans curage.
Gylmychell yan with Dunkan furth hym dycht,
Agyd he was, and fute man wondyr wycht.
Sone can yai witt quhar Wallace lugyt was,
With yair cumplaynt to hys preſence yai paſs.
Erle Malcom als ye Lenox held at eſs,
With hys gud men to Wallace can he preſs.
Till hym yar come gud Richard off Lundy.
Intill Dundaff he wald na langar ly,
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme als bownyt hym to ryde.
Makfadzans wer ſa grewit yaim yat tyde,
At Wallace thocht hys gret power to ſe,
In quhat aray he rewllit yat contre.
Ye Rukbe yan he kepyt with gret wrang,
Stirling Caſtell yat ſtalwart was and ſtrang.
Quhen Wallace come be ſowth it in a waill,
Till Erle Malcom he ſaid he wald affaill.
In diuerſs parts he gert ſeuer yar men,
Off yair power yat Sothroune ſuld nocht ken.
Erle Malcom baid in buſchement out off ſycht.
Wallace with hym tuk gud Schyr Jhon ye Knycht,
And a hundreth off wyſs wer men but doubt,
Throuch Stirlyng raid gyff ony wald yſche out;
Towart ye bryg ye gayneſt way yai paſs.
Quhen Rukbs ſaw quhat at yair power was,
He tuk ſewyn ſcor of gud archars was yar,
Apon Wallace yai folowed wondyr ſar;
At fell bykkar yai did yaim mekill der.
Wallace in hand gryppyt a nobill ſper,

Agayne raturnd and has ye formaſt ſlayn.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, yat mekill was off mayne,
Amang yaim raid with a gud ſper in hand,
Ye fyrſt he ſlew yat he befor hym fand,
Apon anoyir hys ſper in ſondyr zeid,
A ſuerd he drew quhilk helpyt hym in neid.
Inglis archars apon yaim can ranew,
Yat hys gud horſs with arrowis ſone yai ſlew,
On fute he was. Qnhen Wallace has it ſeyne,
He lychtyt ſone, with men off armys keyne,
Amang ye rout fechtand full wondyr faſt.
Ye Ingliſmen raturnyt at ye laſt.
At ye Caſtell yai wald haiff beyne full fayne;
Bot Erle Malcom, with men off mekill mayne,
Betwix ye Sothroune and ye zeitts zeid,
Mony yai ſlew yat douchty was in deid.
In ye gret preſs Wallace and Rukbe met,
With hys gud ſuerd a ſtraik upon hym ſet,
Derfly to dede ye ald Rukbe he draiff,
Hys twa ſonnys chapyt amang ye laiff;
In ye Caſtell be awentur yai zeid,
With twenty men, na ma chapyt yat dreid.
Ye Lenox men, with yair gud Lord at was,
Fra ye Caſtell yai ſaid yai wald nocht paſs,
For weill yai wyſt it mycht nocht haldyn be.
On na lang tyme for yi yas ordand he.
Erle Malcom tuk ye houſs and kepyt yat tyd.
Wallace wald nocht fra hys fyrſt purpoſs byd,
Inſtance he maid to yis gud Lord and wyfs,
Fra ynce to paſs he ſuld in na kyn wyſs,

Quhill he had tane Stirlyng ye Caſtell ſtrang,
Trew men hym tald he mycht not hald it lang.
Yan Wallace thocht was maiſt on Makfadzane,
Off Scotts men he had ſlayne mony ane.
Wallace awowid, yat he ſuld wrokyn be,
On yat rebald, or ellis yarfor to de.
Off tyrandry King Edwarde thocht hym gud,
Law born he was, and off law ſimpill blud.
Yus Wallace was ſar grewyt in hys entent,
To yis jornay rycht ernyſtfully be went.
At Stirling Bryg aſſemblyt till hym rycht
Twa thouſand men yat worthi war and wycht.
Towart Argyll he bownyt hym to ryd,
Dunkan off Lorn was yair trew ſekyr gyd.
Off ald Rukbe, ye quhilk we ſpak off ayr,
Twa ſonnys in lyff in Stirling lewit yar;
Quhen yai broyirs conſawit weill ye rycht,
Yis houſs to hald yat yai na langar mycht,
For Cauſs quhi, yai wantyt men and meit,
With Erle Malcom yai keſt yaim for to treit,
Grace off yair lyff, and yai yat with yaim was;
Gaiff our ye houſs, ſyne couth in Ingland paſs,
On ye thrid day yat Wallace fra yaim raid.
With King Edwarde full mony zer yai baid,
In Brucs wer agayne come into Scotland,
Sterlyng to kepe ye tane off yaim tuk on hand.
Mentione off Bruce is oft in Wallace buk,
To fend hys rycht full mekill payne he tuk.
Quhar to ſuld I heroff tary ma,
To Wallace furth now ſchortlye will I ga.

Dunkan

Dunkan off Lorne, Gylmychall fra yaim ſend,
A ſpy to be, for he ye-contre kend,
Be our party was paſſit ſtraithfulan,
Ye ſmall fute folk began to irk ilk ane,
And horſs, off fors, behuffyt for to faill;
Yan Wallace thoucht yat cumpany to waill,
Gud men, he ſaid, yat is nocht meit for us;
In brokyn ray, and we cum on yaim yus,
We may tak ſcaith, and harmye our fayis bot ſmall,
To yaim in lik we may nocht ſemble all;
Tary we lang a playne feild yai will get,
Apon yaim ſone ſa weill we may nocht ſet;
Part we mon leiff as folowand for to be,
With me ſall paſs our power into thre.
A hundyr fyrſt till hymſelf he has tayne,
Off weſtland men, was worthi knawin ilk ane.
To Schyr Jhon Grayme als mony ordand he,
And fyfe hundreth to Rychard off Lundy,
In yat part was Wallace off Ricardtoune,
In all gud deid he was ay reddy boune.
Fyfe hundreth left, yat mycht nocht with yaim ga,
Suppoſs at yai to byd was wondyr wa.
Yus Wallace oft began to tak ye hycht,
Our a montayne ſone paſſit off yar ſycht.
In Glendowchar yair ſpy met yaim agayne,
With Lord Cambell, yan was our folk rycht fayne;
At yat metyng gret blythnes mycht be ſeyne,
Thre hundreth he led, yat cruell war and keyne.
He comford yaim, and bad yaim haiff na dreid,
Zon beſtly folk wants wapynnys and weid,

Sone yai will fle, ſcharply and we perſew.
Be Louthdouchyr full ſodynlye yaim drew,
Yan Wallace ſaid, a lyff all ſall we ta,
For her nane will fra hys ſalow ga.
Ye ſpy he ſend, ye entre for to ſe,
Apon ye moſs a ſcurrour ſone fand he;
To ſcour ye land Makfadzane had hym ſend,
Out off Cragmor yat day he thocht to wend.
Gylmychall faſt apon hym folowit yar,
With a gud ſuerd, yat weill and ſcharply ſchar,
Maid quyt off hym, at tithands tald he nane,
Ye outſpy yus was loſt fra Makfadzane.
Yan Wallace oft apon yair fute yai lycht,
Yair horſs yai left yocht yai war neuir ſo wycht,
For moſs and crag yai mycht na langar dre;
Yan Wallace ſaid, quha gangs beſt let ſe.
Throuch out ye moſs delyuerly yai zeid,
Syne tuk ye hald quharoff yai had maiſt dreid;
Endlang ye ſchoir ay four in frownt yai paſt,
Quhill yai within aſſemblyt at ye laſt.
Lord Cambell ſaid, we haiff chewyſs yis hauld,
I trow to God yair waukynyng ſall be cauld;
Her is na gait to fle zone pepil can,
Bot rockis heich, and wattir depe and wan.
Auchteyne hundreth off douchty men in deid,
On ye gret oft but mar proceſs yai zeid,
Fechtand in frount, and mekill maiſtry maid,
On ye frayit folk buſkyt withowtyn baid,
Rudly to ray yai ruſchit yaim agayne,
Gret part off yaim was men off mekill mayne.

Gud

Gud Wallace men ſa ſtoutly can yaim ſter,
Ye battaill on bak Fyfe akyr breid yai ber;
Into ye ſtour feill tyrands gert yai kneill.
Wallace in hand had a gud ſtaff off ſteill,
Quhomeuir he hytt to ground brymly yaim bar,
Roind hym about a large rude and mar.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme in deid was rycht worthy,
Gud Cambell als, and Rychard off Lundy,
Adam Wallace, and Robert Boid in feir,
Amang yair fayis, quhar deids was ſald full der.
Ye felloune ſtour was awfull for to ſe;
Makfadzan yan ſa gret debait maid he,
With Yrage men hardy and curageous,
Ye ſtalwart ſtryff rycht hard and paralous.
Boundance off blud fra woundis wyd and wan,
Stekyt to deid on ground lay mony man.
Ye ferſaſt yar yneuch off fechtand fand,
Twa hours large into ye ſtour yai ſtand,
At Jop hymſelff weill wyſt nocht quha ſuld wyn:
Bot Wallace men wald nocht in ſowndyr twyn,
Till help yaimſelff yai war off hardy will,
Off Yrage blud full hardely yai ſpill,
With feill fechtand maid ſloppys throuch ye thrang.
On ye fals part our wycht wer men ſa dang,
Yat yai to byd mycht haiff na langar mycht,
Ye Irland folk yan maid yaim for ye ſlycht,
On craggs clam and ſum in wattir ſlett,
Twa thouſand yar drownyt withoutyn lett:
Born Scottſmen baid ſtill into ye feild,
Keſt wappynys fra yaim, and on yar kneis kneild,

With petouſs woice yai cryit apon Wallace,
For Godds ſaik to tak yaim in hys Grace.
Grewit he was, bot rewth off yaim he had,
Reſawyt yaim fayr with contenance full ſad,
Off our awne blud we ſuld haiff gret pete,
Luk ze ſla nane off Scotts will zoldyn be,
Off outland men lat nane chaip with ye lyff.
Makfadzane fled, for all hys felloune ſtryff,
On till a cave, within a clifft off ſtayne,
Undyr Cragmor, with fyfteyne is he gayne.
Dunkan off Lorn hys lyff at Wallace aſt,
On Makfadzane with worthy men he paſt,
He grantyt hym to put yaim all to dede,
Yai left nane quyk, ſyne brocht Wallace hys hed,
Apon a ſper throuchout ye feild it bar.
Ye Lord Cambell yan hynt it by ye har,
Heich in Cragmor he maid it for to ſtand,
Steild on a ſtayne for honour off Irland.
Ye bleſſit men qat war off Scotland born,
Fownde at hys faith Wallace gert yaim be ſuorn,
Reſtoryt yaim to yair landis but leſs,
He leit ſla nayne yat wald cum till hys peſs.
Eftir yis deid in Lorn ſyne couth he fayr,
Rewllyt ye land had beyne in mekill cayr.
In Archatan a cunſaill he gert cry,
Quhar mony man ſocht till hys ſenzory.
All Lorn he gaiff to Dunkan yat was wycht,
And bad hym hald Scotland with ye rycht,
And yow ſall weill bruk yis in heretage;
Yi brodyrs ſone at London has grettar wage,

Zeit

Zeit will he cum, he fall hys lands haiff,
I wald tyne nayne yat rychtwyſnes mycht faiff.
Mony trew Scott to Wallace couth perſew,
At Archatan fra feill ſtrenthis yai drew.
A gud knycht come, and with hym men ſexte,
He had beyn oft in mony ſtrang jeperte
With Ingliſmen and ſonzeid nocht a deill,
Ay fra yair faith he fendyt hym full weill,
Kepyt hym fre yocht King Edwarde had ſuorn,
Schyr Jhon Ramſay, yat rychtwyſs ayr was borne
Off Ouchtir-houſs, and oyir lands, was lord,
And ſchirreff als, as my buk will record,
Off nobill blud, and als haill anceſtre,
Contenyt weill with worthy chewalre;
Intill Strathern yat lang tyme he had beyne,
At gret debait agaynys hys enemyſs keyne,
Rycht wychtly wan hys lewing into wer;
Till hym and hys Sothroune did mekill der;
Weill eſchewit, and ſufferyt gret diſtreſs;
Hys ſone was callyt ye flour off courtlyneſs,
As witnes weill into yat ſchort tretty;
Eftir ye Bruce, quha reds in yat ſtory,
He rewllyt weill bath into wer and peſs,
Alexander Ramſay to nayme he hecht but leſs;
Quhen it was wer till armes he hym keſt,
Undir ye croune he was ane off ye beſt;
In tyme off peſs till courtlynes he zeid,
Bot to gentrice he tuk no oyir heid.
Quhat gentill man had nocht with Ramſay beyne;
Off courtlynes yai count hym nocht a preyne;

Fredome

Fredome and treuth he had as men would aſs,
Sen he began na bettyr ſquier was;
Roxburch hauld he wan full manfully,
Syne held it lang quhill tratowris treſonably
Cauſit hys dede, I can nocht tell yow how,
Off ſic things I will ga by as now;
I haiff had blayme to ſay ye ſuthfaſtnes,
Yarfor I will bot lychtly ryn yat cace;
Bot it be thing yat playnly ſlandrit is,
For ſic I trew yai ſuld deyme me na miſs.
Off gud Alexandir as now I ſpek no mar,
Hys fadyr come, as I tald off befor,
Wallace off hym rycht full gud comfort hais,
For weill he coud do gret harmyng till hys fais;
In wer he was rycht mekill for to pryſs,
Beſy and trew, bath ſobyr, wycht and wyſs.
A gud prelat als to Archatan ſocht,
Off hys lordſchip as yan he bruikyt nocht;
Yis worthi clerk, cummyn off hys lynage,
Off Synclar blud, nocht forty zer off age,
Choſyne he was, be ye Papis conſent,
Off Dunkell Lord, hym maid with gud entent.
Bot Inglifmen, yat Scotland gryppit all,
Off benyfice yai leit hym bruk bot ſmall.
Quhen he ſaw weill yarfor he mycht not mute,
To ſaiff hys lyff thre zers he duelt in But,
Leifyde as he mycht, and kepyt ay gud part,
Undir ſaifte of Jamys yan Lord Stewart,
Till gud Wallace, quilk Scotland wan with payne,
Reſtord yis Lord till hys leffyng agayne;

And mony ma, yat lang had beyne outthrawin,
Wallace yaim put rycht wyſly to yair awne.
Ye ſmall oft als, ye quhilk I ſpak off ayr,
Into ye hycht yat Wallace lewyt yar,
Come to ye feild quhar Makfadzane had beyne,
Tuk at was left, bathe weid and wappynys ſcheyne,
Throw Lorn ſyne paſt als gudly as yai can,
Off yair nowmyr yai had nocht loſt a man;
On ye fyft day yai wan till Archatan,
Quhar Wallace baid with gud men mony ane.
He welcummyt yaim apon a gudly wyſs,
And ſaid yai war rycht mekill for to pryſs,
And trew Scotts he honourit into wer,
Gaiff yat he wan hymſelff kepyt no ger.
Quhen Wallace wald na langar ſoiorn yar,
Fra Archattan throw out ye land yai far,
Towart Dunkell with gud men off renoun,
Hys maiſt thocht yan was haill on Santt Jhoneſtoun.
He callyt Ramſay, yat gud knycht off gret waill,
Sadly awyſyt beſoucht hym off conſaill;
Yar I haiff beyne, and loſt men apon chance,
Bot ay for ane we gert ten off yaim de,
And zeit me think yat is no mends to me,
I wald aſſay, off yis land or we gang,
And lat yaim witt yai occupy her with wrang.
Yan Ramſay ſaid, yat towne yai may nocht kepe,
Ye wallis ar laych, ſuppoſs ye dyk be depe,
Ze haiff enewch, yat ſall yaim cummyr ſa,
Fyll up ye dyk, yat we may playnly ga
In haill battaill, a thowſand our at anys,

Fra

Fra yis power yai ſall nocht hald yon wanys.
Wallace was glaid yat he ſic comfort maid,
Furth talkand yus on to Dunkell yai raid.
Four dayis yar yai lugyt with pleſance,
Quhill tyme yai had forſeyne yair ordinance.
Ramſay gert bygg ſtrang beſtialls off tre,
Be gud wrychts ye beſt in yat cuntre;
Quhan yai war wrocht, betaucht yaim men to leid
Ye wattir doun, quhill yai come to yat ſteid.
Schyr Jhon Ramſay rycht gudly was yair gyd,
Rewllyt yaim weill at hys will for to byd.
Ye gret oft yan about ye willage paſt,
With erd and ſtayne yai fillyt dyks faſt,
Flaiks yai laid on temyr lang and wycht,
A rowme paſſage to ye wallis yaim dycht;
Feill beſtialls rycht ſtarkly up yai raiſs,
Gud men off armys ſone till aſſaile gais.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, and Ramſay yat was wycht,
Ye Turat Bryg ſegyt with all yair mycht;
And Wallace ſelff at mydſid off ye toune,
With men off armys yai was to bargane bown.
Ye Sothroune men maid gret defens yat tyd,
With artailze, yat felloune was to byd,
With awblaſters gaynze, and ſtanys faſt,
And hand gunnys rycht brymly out yai caſt;
Punzeid with ſpers men off armys ſcheyne.
Ye worthi Scotts, yat cruell war and keyne,
At hand ſtraikis fra yai togydder met,
With Sothroune blud yair wappynys ſone yai wett:
Zett Ingliſmen, yat worthy war in wer,

Into

Into ye ſtour rycht bauldly can yaim ber,
Bot all for nocht awailzeid yaim yat deid,
Ye Scotts throw force apon yaim in yai zaid;
A thouſand men our wallis zeid haſtely,
Into ye toune raiſs hidewyſs noyis and cry,
Ramſay and Grayme ye turat zeitt has wown,
And entrit in, quhar gret ſtryff has begowne.
A trew ſquier, quhilk Reven hecht be nayme,
Come to ye ſalt with gud Schyr Jhon ye Grayme,
Threty with hym off men yat prowit weill,
Amang yair fayis with wappynys ſtiff off ſteill.
Quhen at ye Scotts ſemblyt on ayir ſyd,
Na Sothroune was yat mycht yair dynt abyd.
Twa thouſand ſone was fulzied undirfeit,
Off Sothroune blud lay ſtekyt in ye ſtreit.
Schyr Jhon Sewart ſaw weill ye town was ſtynt,
Tuk hym to flycht, and wald na langar ſtynt,
In a lycht barge, and with hym men ſexte,
Ye wattir doun, ſocht ſuccour at Dunde.
Wallace baid ſtill quhill ye ferd day at morn,
And left nayne yar yat war off Ingland born.
Ryches yai gat off gold and oyir gud,
Plenyſt ye towne agayne with Scotts blud;
Ruwan he left yair Captayne for to be,
In heretage gaiff hym office to fee
Off all Strathern, and ſchirreff off ye toun,
Syne in ye north gud Wallace maid hym boun.
In Abyrdeyn he gert a conſaill cry,
Trew Scotts men ſuld ſemble haſtely.
Till Cowper he raid to weſy yat Abbay,

Ye

Ye Inglis Abbot fra ynce was fled away.
Biſchop Synclar, without langar abaid,
Met yaim at Glammyſs, ſyne furth with yaim he raid.
Intill Breichyn yai lugyt all yat nycht,
Syne on ye morn Wallace gert graith yaim rycht,
Diſplayed on breid ye Banir off Scotland,
In gud aray, with nobill men at hand;
Gert playnly cry yat ſawfte ſuld be nayne
Off Sotheroune blud quhar yai mycht be ourtayn
In playn battaill throchout ye Mernyſs yai rid.
Ye Inglifmen at durſt yaim nocht abid
Befor ye oft full ferdly furth yai fle
Till Dunottar a ſwak within ye ſe
Na ferrar yai mycht wyn out off ye land
Yai ſemblit yar quhill yai war four thouſand
To ye kyrk rane, wend girth for till haiff tayne,
Ye laiff ramaynd apon ye rock off ſtayne.
Ye Byſchop yan began tretty to ma,
Yair lyffs to get out off ye land to ga.
Bot yai war rad, and durſt nocht weyll affy;
Wallace in fyr gert ſet all haiſtely,
Brynt up ye kyrk, and all yat was yarin,
Atour ye rock ye laiff ran with gret dyn;
Sum hang on craggs rycht dulfully to de,
Sum lap, ſum fell, ſum flotyret in ye ſe,
Na Sothroune on lyff was lewyt in yat hauld,
And yaim within yai brynt in powdir cauld.
Quhen yis was doyn, feill fell on kneis doun,
At ye Byſchop aſkyt abſolutioun.
Yan Wallace lewch, ſaid, I forgiff yow all,

Ar

Ar ze wer men rapents for ſa ſmall?
Yai rewid nocht us in to ye toune off Ayr,
Owr trew Barrowns quhen yat yai hangyt yar.
Till Abyrdeyn yan haiſtely yai paſs,
Quhar Ingliſmen beſyly ſlittand was.
Ane hundreth ſchippis, yat ruther bur and ayr,
To turſs yair gud, in hawyn was lyand yar:
Bot Wallace oft come on yaim ſodeynlye,
Yar chapyt nane off all yat gret menzhe;
Bot feill ſerwands in yaim lewyt nane,
At ane eb ſe ye Scotts is on yaim gayne,
Tuk out ye ger, ſyne ſet ye ſchippis in fyr,
Ye men on land yai bertynyt bayne and lyr;
Zeid nane away bot preiſts, wiffis and barnys,
Maid yai debait, yai chapyt nocht but harmys.
Into Bowchane Wallace maid hym to ryd,
Quhar Lord Bewmound was ordand for to byd,
Erle he was maid off bot ſchort tyme befor,
He brukit nocht for all hys buſtous ſchor.
Quhen he wyſt weill yat Wallace cummand was,
He left ye land, and couth to Slanys paſs,
And ſyne be ſchipin Ingland fled agayne.
Wallace raid throw ye north land into playne.
At Crummade feill Ingliſmen yai flew.
Ye worthi Scotts till hym yus couth perſew.
Raturnd agayne, and come till Abyrdeyn,
With hys blyth oſt, apon ye Lammeſs ewyn,
Stablyt ye land, as hym thocht beſt ſuld be,
Syne with ane oſt he paſſit to Dunde,
Gert ſet a ſege about ye caſtell ſtrang.

I leyff yaim yar, and foryir we will gang.
Schyr Amar Wallang haiftit hym full faft,
Intill Ingland, with hys haill houſhald paſt;
Bothwell he left, was Murrayis heretage,
And tuk hym yan bot to King Edwards wage.
Yus hys awne land forſuk for euirmar,
Off Wallace deid gret tithands tald he yar.
Als Ingliſmen ſair murnyt in yair mude,
Had loſſyt her bath lyff, landis and gud.
Edward as yan couth nocht in Scotland fair,
Bot Kertymgame, yat was hys Treſorair,
With hym a lord, yan Erle was off Waran,
He chargyt yaim, with nowmris mony ane,
Rycht weill beſeyn, in Scotland for to ryd.
At Stirlyng ſtill he ordand yaim to byd,
Quhill he mycht cum with ordinance off Ingland,
Scotland agayne he thocht to tak in hand.
Yis oft paſt furth, and had bot litill dreid,
Ye Erle Patrick reſawit yaim at Tweid,
Malice he had at gud Wallace befor,
Lang tyme by paſt, and yan increſſyt mor:
Bot throch a caſs, yat hapnyt off hys wyff,
Dunbar ſche held from hym into yair ſtryff,
Throuch ye ſupple off Wallace into playne,
Bot he be mayne gat hys caſtell agayne
Lang tyme or yan, and zeit he couth nocht ceſs,
Agayne Wallace he prowit in mony preſs,
With Ingliſmen, ſuppleit at hys mycht,
Contrar Scotland yai wrocht full gret unrycht.
Yair muſtir yan was awful for to ſe,

Off

Off fechtand men thouſands yai war ſexte
To Stirling paſt, or yai likit to byd,
To Erle Malcom a ſege yai laid yat tyd,
And thocht to kep ye cummaund off yair King;
Bot gud Wallace wrocht for ane oyir thing.
Dunde he left, and maid a gud Chyftane,
With twa thouſand, to kepe yat houſs off ſtayne,
Off Angwyſs men, and duellars off Dunde;
Ye ſamyn nycht till Santt Jhonſtoun went he.
Apon ye morn to Schirreff-mur he raid,
And yar a quhill, in gud aray, yai baid.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, and Ramſay yat was wycht,
He ſaid to yaim, yis is my purpoſs rycht,
Our mekill it is to proffer yaim battaill,
Apon a playne feild, bot we haiff ſum awaill.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme ſaid we haiff undirtane,
With leſs power, ſic thing yat weill is gayn.
Yan Wallace ſaid, quhar ſic thing cummys off neid,
We ſuld thank God yat makis us for to ſpeid,
Bot ner ye Bryg my purpoſs is to be,
And wyrk for yaim ſum ſuttell jeperte.
Ramſay anſuerd, ye Bryg we may keip weill,
Off way about Sothroune has litill feill.
Wallace ſent Jop ye battaill for to ſet,
Ye Tweſday next to fecht withoutyn let.
On Sattirday on to ye Bryg yai raid,
Off gud playne burd was weill and junctly maid;
Gert wachis wait, yat nane ſuld fra yaim paſs.
A wricht he tuk, ye ſuttelaſt at yar was,
And ordand hym to ſaw ye burd in twa,

Be ye mid ſtreit, yat nane mycht our it ga;
On charnaill bands nald it full faſt and ſone,
Syne fyld with clay as na thing had beyne done.
Ye toyir end he ordand for to be,
How it ſuld ſtand on thre rowars off tre,
Quhen ane war out, yat ye laiff doune ſuld fall;
Hymſelf undyr he ordand yar with all,
Bownd on ye treſt in a credill to ſit,
To louſs ye pyne quhen Wallace leit hym witt
Bot with a horn, quhen it was tyme to be;
In all ye oft ſuld na man blaw bot he.
Ye day approchit off ye gret battaill,
Ye Ingliſmen for power wald nocht faill,
Ay ſex yai war agayne ane off Wallace,
Fyfte thouſand maid yaim to battaill place;
Ye ramaynand baid at ye caſtell ſtill,
Baith feild and houſs yai thocht to tak at will.
Ye worthi Scotts, apon ye toyir ſyd,
Ye playne feild tuk, on fute maid yaim to byd.
Hew Kyrtyngayme ye wantgard leds he,
With twenty thouſand off likly men to ſe.
Threty thouſand the Erle off Waran had,
Bot he did yan as ye wyſſman hym bad;
All ye fyrſt oft befor hym our was ſend.
Sum Scotts men, yat weill ye mattir kend,
Bade Wallace blaw, and ſaid, yai war enew.
He haiſtyt nocht, bot ſadly couth perſew,
Quhill Warans oft thik on ye Bryg he ſaw,
Fra Jop ye Horn he hyntyt and couth blaw,
Sa aſprely, and warned gud Jhon Wricht,

Ye rowar out he ſtraik with gret ſlycht;
Ye laiff zeid doun, quhen ye pynnys out gais.
A hidwyfs cry amang ye pepill raiſs,
Bath horſs and men into ye wattir fell.
Ye hardy Scotts, yat wald na langar duell,
Set on ye laiff with ſtrakis ſad and ſar,
Off yaim yarour, as yan ſowerit yai war.
At ye forbreſt yai prowit hardely,
Wallace and Grayme, Boid, Ramſay, and Lundy,
All in ye ſtour faſt fechtand face to face.
Ye Sothroune oft bak rerit off yat place
At yai fyrſt tuk, fyffe akyr breid and mar.
Wallace on fute a gret ſcharp ſper he bar,
Amang ye thikeſt off ye preſs he gais,
On Kertyngayme a ſtraik choſyn he hais
In ye byrnes, yat polyſt was full brycht,
Ye punzeand hed ye platts perſyt rycht,
Throch ye body ſtekit hym but reſkew,
Derfly to dede yat Chyftane was adew;
Baith man and horſs at yat ſtraik he bar doun.
Ye Inglis oft, quhill war in battaill bown,
Comfort yai loſt quhen yair Chyftayne was ſlayne,
And mony ane to fle began in playne;
Zeit worthi men baid ſtill into ye ſted,
Quhill ten thouſand was broucht on to yair dede.
Yan fled ye laiff, and mycht no langar byd,
Succour yai ſocht on mony diuerſs ſyd,
Sum eſt, ſum weſt, and ſum fled to ye north,
Sewyn thouſand large at anys ſlottryt in Forth,
Plungyt ye depe, and drownd withoutyn mercy,

Nayne left on lyff off all yat feill menzhe.
Off Wallace oft na man was ſlayne off waill,
Bot Andrew Murray into yat ſtrang battaill.
Ye ſouth part ſaw at yar men was tynt,
As ferſly fled as fyr dois off ye flynt.
Ye place yai left, Caſtell, and Stirlyng toune,
Towart Dunbar in gret haiſt yai maid yaim boune.
Quhen Wallace oft had won yat feild throuch mycht,
Tuk up ye Bryg, and louſſit gud Jhon Wricht;
On ye ſlears ſyne folowed wondyr faſt,
Erle Malcom als out off ye caſtell paſt,
With Lenox men to ſtuff ye chace gud ſpeid,
Ay be ye way yai gert feill Sothroune bleid;
In ye Torwode yai gert full mony de.
Ye Erle off Waran, yat can full ferſly fle,
With Corſpatrik, yat graithly was hys gyd,
On changit horſs throuchout ye land yai ryd,
Strawcht to Dunbar, bot few with yaim yai led;
Mony war ſlayne our ſleuthfully yat fled.
Ye Scotts horſs yat had rown wondyr lang,
Mony gaiff our, yat mycht na forthyr gang.
Wallace and Grayme euir togyddyr baid,
At Hathyngtoun full gret ſlauchtir yai maid
Off Ingliſmen, quhen yair horſs tyrit had.
Quhen Ramſay come gud Wallace was full glad,
With hym was Boid, and Richard off Lundy,
Thre thouſand haill was off gud chewalry,
And Adam als Wallace off Ricardtoun,
With Erle Malcom, yai fand at Hathyngtoun.
Ye Scotts men on ſlauchtyr toryt was,

Quhill

Quhill to Dunbar ye twa Chyftanes couth paſs,
Full ſitfully, for yair gret contrar caſs,
Wallace folowed till yai gat in yat place.
Off yair beſt men, and Kertyngayme off renoun,
Twenty thouſand was dede but redemptioun.
Beſyd Beltoun Wallace raturnd agayn,
To folow mar as yan was bot in wayn.
In Hathyngtoun lugyng yai maid yat nycht,
Apon ye morn to Stirling paſſit rycht.
Aſſumptioune day off Marye fell yis caſs,
Ay lowit be our lady off hyr grace;
Conuoyar oft ſche was off gud Wallace,
And helpyt hym in mony ſyndry place.
Wallace in haiſt, ſone eftir yis battaill,
A gret aith tuk off all ye Barrons haill,
Yat with gud will wald cum till hys preſens;
He hecht yaim als to byd at yair defens.
Schyr Jhon Menteth was yan off Aran Lord,
Till Wallace come, and maid a playne record,
With witnes yar be hys ayth he hym band,
Lawta to kepe to Wallace and Scotland.
Quha with fre will till rycht wald nocht apply,
Wallace with force punyſt rygorufly;
Part put to dede, part ſet in pryſone ſtrang,
Gret word off hym throuch bath yir regiouns rang.
Dunde yai gat ſone be a ſchort trete,
Bot for yair lywes, and fled away be ſe.
Inglis captaynes, yat houſs had into hand,
Left caſtells fre, and fled out off ye land.
Within ten dayis eftir yis tym was gayne,

Inglis

Inglis captaynes in Scotland left was nayne,
Except Berweik, and Roxburch Caſtell wycht,
Zeit Wallace thocht to bryng yaim to ye rycht.
Yat tyme yar was a worthy Barroun,
To nayme he hecht gud Criſtall off Cetoun,
In Jedwort wode for ſaiffgard he had beyne,
Agayne Sothrouue full weill he couth opteyn;
In owtlaw oyſs he lewit yar but let,
Edwarde couth not fra Scotts ſaith hym get.
Herbottell fled fra Jedwort Caſtell wycht
Towart Ingland, yar Cetoun met hym rycht;
With fourty men Cryſtall in bargane baid,
Agayne aucht ſcor, and mekill maiſtir maid,
Slew yat Captayne, and mony cruell man;
Full gret ryches in yat jornay he wan,
Houſhald and gold, as yai ſuld paſs away,
Ye quhilk befor yai kepyt mony day.
Jedwort yai tuk, ane Ruwan lewyt he
At Wallace will Captane off it to be.
Bauld Cetoun ſyne to Lothiane made repair,
In yis ſtorye ze man her off hym mair,
And into Bruce quha likis for to rede,
He was with hym in mony cruell deid.
Gud Wallace yan full ſadly can dewyſs,
To rewill ye land with worthi men and wyſs;
Captayns he maid, and Schirreffs yat was gud,
Part off hys kyn, and off trew oyir blud.
Hys der cuſyng in Edynburgh ordand he,
Ye trew Crawfurd, yat ay was full worthe,
Kepar off it, with nobill men at wage,

In Mannuell yan he had gud heretage.
Scotland was fre, yat lang in baill had beyn,
Throw Wallace won fra our falſs enemys keyn.
Gret Gouernour in Scotland he couth ryng,
Wayttand a tyme to get hys rychtwyſs King. 1305
Fra Inglis men, yat held hym in bandoun,
Lang wrangwyſly fra hys awne rychtwyſs croun.

EXPLICIT LIBER SEPTIMUS.
ET INCIPIT OCTAVUS.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK VIII.

Wallace Drives the Earl of March out of Scotland—Defeats Corſpatrick and Bruce at Spots Mure—At Lammermuire—Rewards his Followers—Ravages England—Beſieges York—Takes Ramſwaith—Sends a Woman to King Edward—At St Albin's—The Queen of England comes to Sue for Peace—Wallace agrees—Peace made—Laſts Three Years—Wallace goes to France.

FYWE monethis yus Scotland ſtud in gud reſt,
A conſaill cryit, yaim thocht it was ye beſt,
In Sanct Jhonſtoune yat it ſuld haldyn be,
Aſſemblit yar Clerk, Barown, and Bowrugie,
Bot Corſpatrik wald nocht cum at yair call,
Baid in Dunbar, and maid ſcorn at yaim all.
Yai ſpak off hym feill words in yat parlyment.
Yan Wallace ſaid, will ze herto conſent,
Forgyff hym fre all things yat ar by paſt,
Sa he will com and grant he has treſpaſt,

Fra

Fra yis tyme furth kepe Lawta till our croun.
Yai grant yarto, Clerk, Burgeſs, and Barroun,
With haill conſent yair wrytyng till hym ſend,
Rycht lawly yus to hym yai yaim commend,
Beſoucht hym fayr, as a Peyr off ye land,
To cum and tak ſum Gouernaill on hand.
Lychtly he lewch, in ſcorn as it had beyne,
And ſaid he had ſic meſſage ſeldyn ſeyne,
Yat Wallace now as Gouernour ſall ryng,
Her is gret faute off a gud prince or king;
Yat King off Kyll I can nocht undirſtand,
Off hym I held neuir a fur off land;
Yat Bachiller Trowis, for fortoun ſchawis hyr quhell,
Yarwith to left, it ſall nocht lang be weill:
Bot to yow lords, and ze will undirſtand,
I mak yow wyſs, I aw to mak na band,
Als fre I am in yis regioun to ryng,
Lord off myn awne, as euyr was prince or king;
In Ingland als gret part off land I haiff,
Mawrent yaroff yar will no man me craiff.
Quhat will yow mar, I warn zow I am fre,
For your ſomounds ze get na mair off me.
Till Sanct Jhonſtoune yis wryt he ſend agayne,
Befor ye lords was manifeſt and playne,
Quhen Wallace herd ye Erle ſic anſuer mais,
A gret hate ire throw curage yan he tais;
For weill he wyſt yar ſuld be bot a king
Off yis regioun, at anys for to ryng;
A King off Kyll, for yat he callit Wallace.
Lords, he ſaid, yis an uncouth cace,

Be he ſuffyryt, we haiff war yan it was;
Yus raiſs he up, and maid hym for to paſs;
God has us tholyt to do ſo for ye laiff,
In lyff or dede in faith hym ſall we haiff,
Or ger hym grant quhom he holds for hys lord,
Or ellis war ſchapyn in ſtory to racord;
I wow to God with eyſs he ſall nocht be
Into yis realm, bot ane off us ſall de,
Leſs yan he cum, and knaw hys rychtwyſs king,
In yis regioun weille bathe we ſall nocht ryng;
Hys lychtly ſcorn he ſall rapent full ſor,
Bot power faill, or I ſall end yarfor,
Sen in yis erd is ordand me no reſt,
Now God be juge ye rycht he kennys beſt.
At yat cunſaill langar he taryt nocht,
With twa hundreth fra Santt Jhohſtonne he ſocht;
To ye cunſaill maid inſtans or he zeid,
Yai ſuld conteyn, and off hym haiff na dreid,
I am bot ane, and for gud cauſs I ga.
Towart kyngorn ye gayneſt way yai ta;
Apon ye morn atour Forth ſouth yai paſt,
On yis wyage yai haiſtit wondyr faſt.
Robert Laudir at Muſſilburgh met Wallace,
Fra Ingliſmen he kepyt weill hys place,
South nane hym trete, knycht, ſquier nor lord,
With King Edwarde to be at ane accord;
On Erle Patrick to paſs he was full glaid,
Sum ſaid befor ye baſs he wald haiff haid.
Gud men als come with Cryſtall off Cetoune;
Yan Wallace was four hundreth off renoune.

A ſqueir Lyll, yat weill yat cuntre knew,
With twentye men to Wallace couth perſew,
Beſyd Lintoun, and to yaim tald he yan,
Ye Erle Patrik with mony likly man,
At Coburns peth he had hys gaderyng maid,
And to Dunbar wald cum withoutyn baid.
Yan Lawder ſaid, it war ye beſt think me,
Faſter to paſs, in Dunbar or he be.
Wallace anſuerd, we may at layſar ryd,
With zone power he thinkis bargane to byd;
And off a thing ze ſall weill undirſtand
A hardyar lord is nocht into Scotland;
Mycht he be maid trew ſtedfaſt till a king,
Be wit and force he can do mekill thing:
Bot wilfully he likis to tyne hymſell.
Yus raid yai furth, and wald na langar duell,
Be eſt Dunbar, quhar men hym tald on cace,
Quhow Erle Patrik was warnyt off Wallace,
Ner Ennerweik cheſyt a feild at waill,
With nyne hundreth off likly men to waill.
Four hundreth was with Wallace in ye rycht,
And ſone onon approchit to yair ſycht.
Gret fawte yar was of gud trety betweyn,
To mak concord, and yat full ſone was ſeyn.
Without raherſs off actioun in yat tyd,
On ayir pait togyddir faſt yai ryd.
Ye ſtour was ſtrang, and wondyr peralous,
Contenyt lang with deds chewalrous;
Mony yar deit of cruell Scotts blud:
Off yis trety ye mater is nocht gud,

Yarfor I ceſs to tell ye deſtructioune,
Pete it was and all off a natioune.
Bot Erle Patrik ye feild left at ye laſt,
Rycht few with hym to Coburns peth yai paſt,
Agrewit ſar yat hys men yus war tynt.
Was raturnd, and wald na langar ſtynt,
Towart Dunbar, quhar ſuth faſt men hym tald,
Na purweance was left into yat hald,
Nor men off fens, all had beyne with yair lord.
Quhen Wallace hard ye ſekyr trew record,
Dunbar he tuk all haill at hys bandoune,
Gaiff it to kepe to Cryſtell off Cetoune,
Quhilk ſtuffyt it weill with men and gud wictaill.
Apon ye morn, Wallace yat wald nocht faill,
With thre hundreth, to Coburns peth he ſocht:
Erle Patrik uſchyt, for byd hym wald he nocht.
Sone to ye Park Wallace a range has ſet;
Till Bonkill wode Corſpatrik fled but let,
And out off it till Noram paſſit he.
Quhen Wallace ſaw it mycht na bettir be,
Till Caudſtreym went and lugyt hym on Tweid.
Erle Patrik yan, in all haiſt can hym ſpeid,
And paſſit by or Wallace power raiſs,
Without reſtyng in Atryk forreſt gais.
Wallace folowed, bot he wald nocht affaill,
A range to mak as yan it mycht not waill;
Our few he had, ye ſtrenth was thik and ſtrang,
Sewyn myill on breid, and yarto twyſs ſa lang.
Intill Corkhelm Erle Patrik leiffit at reſt.
For mar power Wallace paſt in ye weſt.

Erle

Erle Patrik yan hym graithit haistelye,
In Ingland paſt to get hym ya: ſupplye;
Out throuch ye land rycht erneſtfully couth paſs,
Tald Anton Beik yat Wallace cummand was.
Wallace hym put out off Glaſkow befor,
And ſlew Perſye yair malice was ye mor.
Ye Byſchope Beik gert ſone power ryſs,
Northummyrland upon ane awfull wyſs.
Yan ordand Bruce in Scotland for to paſs,
To wyn hys awne, bot ill deſawit he was;
Yai gart hym trew yat Wallace was rabell,
And thoucht to tak ye kynryk to hym ſell.
Full falſs yai war, and cuir zeit has beyne,
Lawta and treuth was ay in Wallace ſeyne;
To fend ye rycht all yat he tuk on hand,
And thocht to bryng ye Bruce fre till hys land.
Off yis mater as now I tary nocht.
With ſtrang power Sothroune togydder ſocht;
Fra Ouſs wattir aſſemblit haill to Tweid.
Yair land oft was threty thouſand in deid.
Off Tynnys mouth ſend ſchippis be ye ſe,
To kep Dunbar at nayne ſuld yaim ſupple.
Erle Patrik with twenty thouſand but let,
Befor Dunbar a ſtalwart ſege he ſet.
Ye Byſchope Beik and Robert Bruce baid ſtill,
With ten thouſand, at Noram at yair will.
Wallace be yis, yat faſt was laubourand,
In Lothyane com with gud men fyfe thouſand,
Rycht weill beſeyn, all into armyſs brycht,
Thocht to reſkew ye Cetoun bauld and brycht.

Undyr zheftyr yat fyrft nycht lugit he;
Hay com till hym with a gud chewalre,
In Duns foreft all yat tyme he had beyne,
Ye cummyng yar off Sothroune he had feyne;
Fyftye he had off befy men in wer,
Yai tald Wallace off Patriks gret affer.
Yai faid, forfuth, and ze mycht hym ourfet,
Power agayne rycht fone he mycht not get,
My cunfaill is, yat we giff hym battaill.
He thankyt hym off comfort and confaill,
And faid, freynd Hay, in yis caufs yat I wend,
Sa yat we wyn, I rek nocht for till end,
Rycht futh it is yat anys we mon de,
Into ye rycht quha fuld in terrour be.
Erle Patrik yan a meffynger gert pafs,
Tald Anton Beik yat Wallace cummand was.
Off yis tithings ye Byfchope was full glaid,
Amends off hym full fayne he wald haiff haid.
Bot mar prolong throuch Lammer-muir yai raid,
Ner ye Spot-Mur in bufchement ftill he baid,
As Erle Patrik ordand yaim for to be.
Wallace off Beik unwarnyt yan was he;
Zeit he befor was nocht haifty in deid,
Bot yan he put bathe hym and hys in dreid.
Apon fwyft horfs fcurrours paft betweyn.
Ye cummyng yan off Erle Patrik was feyn,
Ye houfs he left, and to ye mur is gayne,
A playne feild yar with hys oft he has tayn.
Gud Cetoun fyne ufchet with few menzhe,
Part off hys men intill Dunbar left he,

To Wallace raid was on ye rychtwyſs ſyd;
In gud aray to ye Spot-Mur yai ryd.
Sum Scotts dred, ye Erle ſa mony was,
Twentye thouſand agayne ſa few, to paſs.
Quhen Jop perſauit, he bad Wallace ſuld byd.
Tyne nocht yir men, but to ſum ſtrenth ze ryd,
And I ſall paſs to get yow power mar,
Yir ar our gud yus lychtly for to war.
Yan Wallace ſaid, in trewth I will nocht fle,
For four off hys, ay ane quhill I may be;
We ar our ner ſic purpoſs for to tak,
A danger chace yai mycht apon us mak;
Her is twenty, with yis power, to day,
Wald hym aſſay, ſuppoſs I war away;
Mony yai ar, for Godds luff be we ſtrang,
Yon Sothroune folk in ſtour will nocht byd lang.
Ye brym battaill braithly on ayir ſyd.
Gret rerd yar raiſs all ſammyn quhar yai ryd.
Ye ſayr ſembly, quhen yai togydder met,
Feill ſtraks yar ſadly on ayir ſet,
Punzeand ſpers throuch platts perſit faſt;
Mony off horſs to ye ground doun yai caſt,
Saidlys yai teym off horſs, bot maiſtirs, yar,
Off ye ſouth ſyd fyffe thouſand doun yai bar.
Gud Wallace oft ye formaſt cumbraid ſa,
Quhill ye laiff was in will away to ga.
Erle Patrik baid, ſa cruell off entent,
At all hys oft tuk off hym hardyment.
Agayne Wallace in mony ſtour was he.
Wallace knew weill, yat hys men wald nocht fle

For na power yat lyffand was in lyff,
Quhill yai in heill mycht ay be ane for fyffe.
In yat gret ſtryff mony was handlyt hait;
Ye feill dynts, ye cruell hard debait,
Ye fers ſtykyng maid mony grewows wound,
Upon ye erd ye blud did till abound.
All Wallace oft intill a cumpaiſs baid,
Quhar ſa yai turnd full gret ſlauchtyr yai maid.
Wallace and Grayme, and Ramſay full worthy,
Ye Bauld Cetoun, and Richard off Lundy,
Adam als Wallace off Ricardtoun,
Bathe Hay and Lyll, with gud men off renoun,
Boyd, Bercla, Byrd, and Lawdar yat was wycht,
Feill Ingliſmen derfly to ded yai dycht.
Bot Erle Patrik full ferſly faucht agayn,
Throuch hys awne hand he put mony to payn.
Our men on hym thrang forthwart into thra,
Maid throuch hys oft feill ſloppis to and fra.
Ye Ingliſmen began playnlye to fle;
Yan Byſchope Beik full ſodeynly yai ſe,
And Robert Bruce, contrar hys natiff men;
Wallace was wa, fra tyme he couth hym ken.
Off Bruces deid he was agrewit far mar,
Yan all ye laiff yat day at ſemblit yar.
Ye gret buſchement at anys brak on breid,
Ten thouſand haill yat douchty war in deid.
Ye flears yan with Erle Patrik relefd,
To fecht agayn, quhar mony war miſcheifd.
Quhen Wallace knew ye buſchement brokyn was,
Out off ye feild on horſs yai thocht to paſs:

Bot

Bot he ſaw weill hys oft ſownd in yair weid,
He thoucht to fray ye formaſt as yai zeid.
Ye new cummyn oft befor yaim ſemblit yar,
On ayir ſyde. With ſtrakis ſad and ſar,
Ye worthy Scotts ſa ferſly faucht agayne,
Off Antonys men rycht mony haiff yai ſlayne:
Bot yat terand ſo uſyt was in wer,
On Wallace oft yai did full mekill der.
And ye bauld Bruce ſa cruelly wrocht he,
Throuch ſtrenth off hand feill Scots he gert de.
To reſiſt Bruce Wallace hym preſſit faſt,
Bot Ingliſmen ſa thik betwixt yaim paſt;
And Erle Patrik, in all ye haiſt he moucht,
Throuchout ye ſtour to Wallace ſone he ſocht;
On ye the peſs a felloune ſtrak hym gaiff,
Herwit ye plait with hys ſcharp groundyn claiff,
Throuch all ye ſtuff and woundyt hym ſum deill:
Bot Wallace thocht he ſuld be wengyt weill,
Folowed on hym and a ſtraik etlyt faſt,
Yan ane Mawthland rakleſs betwix yaim paſt;
Apon ye hed gud Wallace has hym tane,
Throch hat and brawn in ſondyr byrſt ye bane,
Deid at yat ſtraik doun to ye ground hym drawe.
Yus Wallace was diſſuiryt fra ye lawe
Off hys gud men, amang yaim hym allane.
About hym ſocht till enymyſs mony ane,
Stekit hys horſs, to ground behuſid hym lycht,
To fend hymſelff, as wiſely as he mycht.
Ye worthi Scotts, yat mycht na langar hyd,
With ſair harts out off ye feild yai ryd.

With

With yaim in feyr yai wend Wallace had beyne,
On fute he was amang hys enymyſs keyne;
Gud rowme he maid about hym into breid;
With hys gud ſuerd yat helpyt hym in neid.
Was nane ſa ſtrang, yat gat off hym a ſtrak,
Eftir agayne maid neuir a Scott to waik.
Erle Patrik yan, yat had gret craft in wer,
With ſpers ordand gud Wallace doun to ber;
Anew yai tuk was haill into ye feild,
Till hym yai zeid, thocht he ſuld haiff no beild,
On ayir ſyde faſt poyntand at hys ger;
He hewid off hedys, and wyſly coud hym wer.
Ye worthi Scotts off yis full litill wyſt,
Socht to gud Grayme quhen yai yar chyftayne myſt.
Lauder, and Lyll, and Hay, yat was full wycht,
And bauld Ramſay, quhilk was a worthi knycht,
Lundy, and Boid, and Cryſtell off Cetoun,
With fyffe hundreth, yat war in bargane boun,
Hym to reſkew full rudly in yai raid,
About Wallace a large rowme yai maid.
Ye Byſchop Beik was braithly born till erd,
At ye reſkew yar was a glamrous rerd;
Or he gat up feill Sothroune yai flew.
Out off ye preſs Wallace yai couth reſkew,
Sone horſſit hym apon a courſour wycht,
Towart a ſtrenth rydis in all yair mycht,
Rycht wyſly fled, reſkewand mony ma.
Ye Erle Patrik to ſtuff ye chace began;
On ye flears litill harm yan he wrocht.
Gud Wallace folk away togyddyr ſocht;

Yir fyffe hundreth, ye quhilk I ſpak off ayr,
Sa awfully abaundownd yaim ſo ſar,
Na folowar durſt out fra hys falow ga,
Ye gud flears ſic raturnyng yai ma.
Four thouſand haill had tane ye ſtrenth befor
Off Wallace oft, hys cumfort was ye mor,
Off Glaſhadane yat foreſt thoucht to hauld.
Erle Patrik turnd, yocht he was neuer ſa bauld,
Agayne to Beik, quhen chapyt was Wallace,
Curffand fortoun off hys myſchanſyt cace.
Ye feild he wan, and ſewyn thouſand yai loſt,
Dede on yat day, for all ye Byſchoppis boſt.
Off Wallace men fyffe hundreth war ſlayne I geſs,
Bot na Chyftayne, hys murnyng was ye leſs.
Ner ewyn it was, bot Beik wald nocht abyde,
In Lammarmur yai trawentyt yat tyde,
Yair lugyng tuk quhar hym thocht maiſt awaill,
For weill he trowit ye Scotts wald affaill.
Apon ye feild, quhar yai gaiff battaill laſt,
Ye contre men to Wallace gadryt faſt.
Off Edynburch, wycht Crawfurd yat was wycht,
Thre hundreth come intill yar armour brycht.
Till Wallace raid, be hys lugeyng was tayne.
Fra Tawydaill come gud men mony ane,
Out off Jedwart, with Ruwane, at yat tyd,
Togyddyr ſocht fra mony diuerſs ſyd.
Schyr Wilzam Lang yat lord was off Douglace,
With hym four ſcor yat nycht come to Wallace.
Twenty hundreth off new men met yat nycht,
Apon yair fais to weng yaim at yair mycht;

At ye fyrſt feild yir gud men had not beyn.
Wallace wachis yair aduerſouris had ſeyn,
Into quhat wyſs yai had yair lugyng maid.
Wallace bownyt eftir ſupper, but baid,
In Lammarmur yai paſſit haſtely;
Sone till aray zeid yis gud chewalry.
Wallace yaim maid ik twa parts to be;
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme and Cetoun ordand he,
Lawdir and Hay, with thre thouſand to ryde;
Hymſelff ye laiff tuk wyſly for to gyde,
With hym Lundy, bathe Ramſay and Douglace,
Berkla and Boyd, and Adam gud Wallace.
Be yis ye day approchit wondyr ner,
And bricht Titan in preſens can apper.
Ye Scotts oft ſone ſemblyt into ſycht
Off yair enemyſs, yat war nocht redy dycht;
Out off aray feill off ye Sothroune was,
Rycht awfully Wallace can on yaim paſs.
At yis entray ye Scotts ſo weill yaim bar,
Feill off yair fayis to dede was bertnyt yar.
Redleſs yai raiſs, and mony fled away,
Sum on ye ground war ſmoryt quhar yai lay,
Gret noyis and cry was raiſſit yaim amang.
Gud Grayme come in, yat ſtalwart was and ſtrang.
For Wallace men war weill togyddyr met,
On ye ſouth part ſa awfully yai ſet,
In contrar yaim ye frayit folk mycht not ſtand;
At anys yar fled off Sothroune fyffe thouſand.
Ye worthi Scotts wrocht apon ſic wyſs,
Jop ſaid hymſelff, yai war mekill to pryſs.

Zeit

Zeit Byſchope Beik, yat felloune tyrand ſtrang.
Baid in ye ſtour rycht awfully and lang.
A Knycht Skelton, yat cruell was and keyn,
Befor hym ſtud intill hys armour ſcheyn,
To fend hys lord full worthely he wrocht.
Lundy hym ſaw, and ſadly on hym ſocht,
With hys gud ſuerd an awkwart ſtraik hym gaiff,
Throuch peſan ſtuff hys crag in ſondyr dṙaiff;
Quhar off ye laiff aſtoniſt in yat ſted,
Ye bauld Skelton off Lundies hand is dede.
Yan fled yai all, and mycht na langar byd;
Patrik and Beik away with Bruce yai ryd.
Fyffe thouſand held on till a ſlop away
Till Noram Houſe, in all ye haiſt yai may.
Our men folowed, yat worthi war and wycht,
Mony ſlears derſly to dede yai dycht.
Ye thre lords on to ye Caſtell ſocht,
Full feill yai left, yat was off Ingland brocht.
At yis jornay twentye thouſand yai tynt,
Drownyt and ſlayn be ſper and ſuerds dynt.
Ye Scotts at Tweid haiſtit yaim ſa faſt,
Feill Sothroune men into wrang furds paſt.
Wallace raturnd in Noram quhen yai war;
For worthi Bruce hys hart was wondyr ſar,
He had leuer haiff had hym at hys large,
Fre till our croune, yan off fyne gold to carge,
Mar yan in Troy was fund at Grekis wan.
Wallace yan paſſit, with mony awfull man,
On Patrikis land, and waiſtyt wondyr faſt,
Tuk out guds, and placis doun yai caſt;

Hys ſteds, ſewyn yat mete hamys was cauld,
Wallace gert brek yai burly byggings bauld,
Bathe in ye Merſs, and als in Lothiane,
Except Dunbar, ſtandand he lewyt nane.
Till Edynburgh, apon ye auchtand day;
Apon ye morn, Wallace without delay
Till Pert he paſſit, quhar ye cunſaill was ſet,
To ye barrowns he ſchawit withoutyn let,
How hys gret wow rycht weill eſchewyt was;
Till a maiſter he gert Erle Patrik paſs,
Becauſs he ſaid off Scotland he held nocht,
Till King Edwarde, to get ſupple, he ſocht.
Ye lords was blyth, and welcummyt weill Wallace,
Thankand gret God off yis fayr happy chaſs.
Wallace tuk ſtate to gowern all Scotland,
Ye barnage haill maid hym ane oppyn band.
Yan delt he land till gud men hym about,
For Scotlands rycht had ſett yair lyff in dout.
Stantoun he gaiff to Lawder in hys wage,
Ye Knycht Wallang aucht it in heretage.
Yan Brygeane Cruk he gaiff Lyll yat was wycht;
Till Scrymgeour als full gud reward he dycht.
Syne Wallace, toun, and oyir landis yartill,
To worthi men he delt with nobill will.
To hys awne kyn heretage nane gaiff he,
Bot office haill, at ilk man mycht ſe,
For cowatice yar couth na wycht hym blayme;
He baid reward quhill ye King ſuld eum hayme;
Off all he did, he thoucht to byd ye law
Befor hys King, maiſter quhen he hym ſaw.

Scotland

Scotland was blyth, in dolour had beyne lang,
In ilka part to gud labour yai gang.
Be yis ye tyme off October was paſt,
Ner Nouembir approchyt wondyr faſt.
Tithands yan come, King Edwarde grewit was,
With hys power in Scotland thocht to paſs,
For Erle Patrik had giffyn hym ſic cunſaill.
Wallace gat wytt, and ſemblyt power haill,
Forty thouſand on Roſlyn mur yar met.
Lords, he ſaid, yus is King Edwarde ſet,
In contrar rycht to ſek us in our land,
I hecht to God, and to yow, be my hand,
I ſall hym meit, for all hys gret barnage,
Within Ingland, to fend our heretage;
Hys falſs deſyr ſall on hymſelff be ſeyn,
He ſall us fynd in contrar off hys eyn;
Sen he with wrang has ryddyn yis regioun,
We ſall paſs now in contrar off hys croun.
I will not bid gret lords with us fayr,
For myne entent I will playnly declar,
Our purpoſs is oyir to wyn or de,
Quha zeildis hym, ſall neuir ranſowmd be.
Ye barrons yan anſuerd hym worthely,
And ſaid, yai wald paſs with yair chewalry.
Hymſelf and Jop prowidyt yat menzhe,
Twenty thouſand off waillit men tuk he;
Harnes and horſs he gert amang yaim waill,
Wappynnys anew, yat mycht yaim weill awaill;
Grathyt yar men, yat cruell was and keyn,
Bettir in wer in warld coud nocht be ſeyn;

He baid ye laiff on laubour for to bide;
In gud aray fra Roſlyn mur yai ryde.
At yair muſter gud Wallace couth yaim aſs,
Quhat myſteryt ma in a power to paſs,
All off a will, as I trow ſet ar we,
In playne battaill can nocht weill ſcumfit be.
Our rewme is pur, waiſtit be Sothroune blud,
Go wyn on yaim treſour, and oyir gud.
Ye oft inclynd all intill hummyll will,
And ſaid, yai ſuld hys cummaundment fullfill.
Ye Erle Malcom with yir gud men is gayne,
Bot nayme off Rewill on hym he wald tak nayne.
Wallace hym knew a lord and full worthi,
At hys cunſaill he wrought full ſtedfaſtly;
Starkar he was, gyff yai ſuld battaill ſeyn,
For he befor had in gud jornays beyn.
A man off ſtrenth, yat has gud witt with all,
A haill regioune may conſort at hys call.
As manly Ectour wrocht intill hys wer,
Agayne a hundreth cowntyt was hys ſper;
Bot yat was nocht throuch hys ſtrenth euirly,
Sic rewill he led off worthi chewalry.
Yir enſampillis war nobill for to ken.
Ectour I leiff, and ſpek furth off our men.
Ye Knycht Cambell maid hym to yat wiage,
Off Lochow chieff yan was hys heretage.
Ye gud Ramſay furth to ye jornay went,
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme forthwart in hys entent,
Wallace cuſyng, Adam, full worthi was,
And Robert Boid, full blythly furth yai paſs;

Baithe

Baithe Awchinlek, and Richard off Lundy,
Lawdir and Hay, and Cetoun full worthy.
Yis ryoll oft, but reftyng, furth yai rid,
Till Browis feild, and yar a quhill yai bid.
Yan Wallace tuk with hym fyftye, but lefs,
Till Roxburgh zett raid fone, or he wald cefs.
Sothroune marwelld giff it fuld be Wallace,
Without Souerance come to perfew yat place.
Off Schyr Rauff Gray fome prefence couth he afs,
And wrand hym yus, forthwart he wald pafs,
Our purpofs is in Ingland for till ryde,
No tyme we haiff off fegyng now to byde,
Tak tent and her off our cummyng agayne,
Gyff our ye houfs fend me ye keyis in playn;
Yus I commaund befor yis witnes large,
Gyff zow will nocht, ramayne with all ye charge;
Bot yis be done, throuch force and I tak ze,
Out our ye wall yow fall be hyngyt hye.
With yat he turnd, and till hys oft can wend.
Yis ilk cummaund to Berweik fone he fend,
With gud Ramfay, yat was a worthi knycht.
Ye oft but mar, full awfully he dycht,
Began at Tweid, and fpard nocht at yai fand,
Bot brynt befor throuch all Northumyrland.
All Duram toune yai brynt up in a gleid,
Abbayis yai fpard, and kyrkis quhar yai zeid.
To Zork yai went, but baid, or yai wald blyn,
To byrn and fla off yaim he had na fyn.
Na fyn yai thocht ye famyn yai leitt us feill,
Bot Wilzham Wallace quyt our quarell weill.

Fortrace yai wan, and ſmall caſtellis keſt doun,
With aſpir wappynnys payit yair ranſoune.
Off preſonaris yai likit nocht to kep,
Quhom yai owrtuk, yai maid yair freynds to wepe,
Yai ſawſt na Sothroune for yair gret riches,
Off Sic koffre he cullit bot wrechitnes;
On to ye zetts and fabors off ye toune
Braithly yai brynt, and brak yair byggyngs doune,
At ye wallis aſſayed fyfeteyn dayis,
Till King Edwarde ſend to yaim in yis wayis,
A knycht, a clerk, and a ſquier off peſs,
And prayit hym ſayr off byrnyng to ceſs,
And hecht battaill, or fortye dayis war paſt,
Souerance ſo lang, gyff hym likit, till aſs.
And als he ſperd, quhy Wallace tuk on hand
Ye felloune ſtryff, in deſens off Scotland,
And ſaid, he merwelld on hys wit for thy,
Agayne Ingland was off ſo gret party;
Sen ze haiff maid mekill off Scotland fre.
It war gret tyme for to lat malice be.
Wallace has herd ye meſſage ſay yair will,
With manly witt rycht yus he ſaid yaim till.
Ze may kna weill yat rycht yneuch we haiff,
Off hys Souerance I kep nocht for to craiff;
Becauſs I am a natyff Scotts man,
It is my dett to do all yat I can
To fend our kynryk out off dangyring.
Till hys deſyr we will grant to ſum thing,
Our oft ſall ceſs, for chans yat may betyd,
Yir fourtye dayis, bargane for till byd,

We fall do nocht, leſs yan it mowe in yow;
In hys reſpyt myſelff couth neuir trew.
King Edwardis wrytt undir hys ſeill yai gaiff,
Be fourty dayis yat yai ſuld battaill haiff.
Wallace yaim gaiff hys credence off yis thing.
Yair leyff yai tuk, ſyne paſſit to ye King,
And tauld hym haill how Wallace leit yaim ſeill,
Off your Souerance he rekis nocht a deill;
Sic rewllyt men, ſa awfull off affer,
Ar not cryſtynyt, yan he ledis in wer.
Ye King anſuerd, and ſaid, it ſuld be kend,
It cummys off witt enymyſs to commend;
Yai ar to dreid rycht gretly in certane,
Sadly yai think off armys yai haiff tane.
Leyff I yaim yus at cunſaill with ye King,
And off ye Scotts agayne to ſpek ſum thing.
Wallace trauountyt on ye ſecund day,
Fra Zork yai paſſit rycht in a gud aray;
North-weſt yai paſt in battaill buſkyt boun,
Yar Lugeyng tuk beſyd Northallyrtoun,
And cryit hys peſs yair market for till ſtand,
Yir fourtye dayis, for pepill off Ingland,
Quha yat lykit ony wittaill till ſell.
Off all yair fer was mekill for to tell.
Schyr Rawff Rymut Captayne off Malcom was,
With gret power ordand be nycht to paſs
On Wallace oft, to mak ſum jeperte.
Feyll Scotts men, yat duelt in yat cuntre,
Wyſt off yis thing, and gaderyt to Wallace;
Yai maid hym wyſs off all yat ſuttell cace.

Gud Lundy yan till hym he callit yar,
And Hew ye Hay off Louthowort was ayr,
With thre thouſand yat worthely had wrocht,
Syne priwale out fra ye oft he ſocht.
Ye men he tuk, yat com till hym off new,
Gydys to be, for yai ye contre knew.
Ye oft he maid in gud quyet to be,
A ſpace fra yaim he buſchyt prewale.
Schyr Rawff Rymut with ſewyn thouſand com in,
On Wallace oft a jeperte to begyn.
Ye buſchement brak, or yai ye oft come ner,
On Southroune men ye worthi Scotts yai ſter.
Thre thouſand haill was braithly brocht to ground,
Jornay yai ſocht, and ſekyrly has found.
Schyr Rawff Rymut was ſtekyt on a ſper,
Thre thouſand ſlayne yat worthi war in wer.
Ye Sothroune wyſt quhen yair Chyftane was dede,
To Maltoun faſt yai fled, and left yat ſted.
Wallace folowed with hys gud chewalry,
Amang Sothroune yai entryt ſodeynly,
Inglis and Scotts into ye toune at anys.
Sothroune men ſchot, and braithly keſt doun ſtanys,
Off yair awne rycht feyll yar haiff yai ſlayn.
Ye Scotts about, yat war off mekill mayn,
On grets ran, and ceſſyt all ye toune,
Derſly to dede ye Sothroune was dongyn doune.
Gud Wallace yar has found full gud ryches,
Jowellis and gold, baith wappynnys and harnes,
Spoulzeid ye toun off wyn, and off wittaill,
All off ſend with caryagis off gret waill.

Thre

Thre dayis ſtill within ye toune yai baid,
Syne brak doun werk yat worthely was maid.
Wyffs and chikdir yai put out off ye toune,
Na man he ſawſt yat was off yat natioune.
Quhen Scotts had tayne to turſs at yair deſyr,
Wallis yai brak, ſyne ſet ye laiff in fyr.
Ye temir werk yat brynt up all in playn,
On ye ferd day till hys oſt raid agayne,
Gert caſt a dyk yat mycht ſum ſtrynthyng be,
To kepe ye oſt fra ſodeyn jeperte.
Yan Inglifmen was rycht gretly agaſt,
Fra north and ſouth ontill yair King yai paſt,
At Pomfray lay, and held a parlement.
To gyff battaills ye lordis couth nocht conſent,
Leſs Wallace war off Scotland crownyt King;
Yar conſaill fand it war a peralous thing;
For yocht yai wan, yai wan bot as yai war,
And gyff yai tynt, yai loſſyt Ingland for cuirmair,
A payn war, put in to ye Scotts hand.
And yis Decret yar witt amang yaim fand,
Gyff Wallace wald apon hym tak ye croun,
To gyff battaill yai ſuld be redy boun.
Ye ſamyn meſſage till hym yai ſend agayn,
And yair entent yai tald hym into playn.
Wallace yaim chargyt hys preſens till abſent,
Hys cunſaill callyt, and ſchawit yaim hys entent,
He and hys men deſyryt battaill till haiff,
Be ony wayis, off Ingland our ye laiff.
He ſaid, fyrſt, it war a our hie thing,
Agayne ye faith to reyff my rychtwis King,

I am hys man, born natiff off Scotland,
To wer ye croun I will nocht tak on hand;
To fend ye rewm it is my dett be ſkill,
Lat God abowe reward me as he will.
Sum bad Wallace apon hym tak ye croun.
Wyſs men ſaid, nay, it war bot deryſioun,
To croun hym King bot woice off ye parlyment,
For yai wyſt nocht gyff Scotland wald conſent.
Oyir ſum ſaid, it was ye wrangwis place.
Yus demyt yai on mony diuerſs cace.
Yis Knycht Cambell, off witt a worthi man,
As I ſaid ayr, was preſent with yaim yan,
Herd and anſuerd, quhen mony ſaid yair will,
Yis war ye beſt, wald Wallace grant yartill,
To croun hym King ſolemly for a day,
To get ane end off all our lang delay.
Ye gud Erle Malcom ſaid yat Wallace mycht,
As for a day, in fens off Scotlands rycht,
Reſawe ye croun, as in a fer off wer,
Ye pepill all till hym gaiff yair conſent;
Malcom off auld was lord off ye parlyment.
Zeit wallace tholyt, and leit yaim ſay yair will,
Quhen yai had demyt be mony diuerſs ſkill,
In hys awn mynd he abhorryt with yis thing.
Ye commouns cryit, mak Wallace crownyt King.
Yan ſmylyt he, and ſaid it ſuld nocht be,
As termys ſchort, ze get na mar for me;
Undyr colour we mon our anſuer mak,
Bot ſic a thing I will nocht on me tak;
I ſuffer zow to ſay yat it is ſa,

It war a ſcorn ye croun on me to ta.
Yai wald nocht lat ye meſſage off Ingland
Cum yaim amang, or yai ſuld undirſtand.
Twa knychts paſſit to ye meſſage agayne,
Maid yaim to trow Wallace was crownyt in playne,
Gart yaim traiſt weill yat yis was ſuth faſt thing.
Delyuyryt yus yai paſſit to yair King,
To Pomfrait went, and tald yat yai had ſeyn
Wallace crownyt, quharoff ye lordis was teyn,
In Barrate wox, in parlyment quhar yai ſtud.
Yan ſaid yai all, yir tithands ar nocht gud,
He did ſa weyll into yair tymys befor,
And now yair King, he will do mekill mor.
A fortunyt man, nothing gois hym agayne,
To gyff battaill we ſall it rew a payne.
Ane oyir ſaid, and battaill will he haiff,
Or ſtroy our land, na trefour may us ſaiff;
In hys conqueſt, ſen fyrſt he couth begyn,
He ſellis nocht bot takis quhat he may wyn;
For Ingliſmen he ſetts no doym but ded,
Pryce off pennyis may mak us na ramed.
Ane Wodeſtok ſaid, ze werk nocht as ye wyſs,
Gyff at ze tak ye awentur off ſupprice;
For thoch we wyn yat ar intill Ingland,
Ye laiff ar ſtark agaynys us for to ſtand;
Be Wallace ſaiff, oyir yai count bot ſmall;
For yat methink yis war ye beſt off all,
To kepe our ſtrenth of caſtell and off walltoun,
Swa ſall we ſend ye ſek off yis regioun;
Thouch north be brynt, bettir off ſufferans be,

Yan ſet all Ingland on a jeperte.
Yai grantyt all, as Wodſtok can yaim ſay,
And yus yai put ye battaill on delay,
And keſt yaim haill for oyir gouernance,
Agayn Wallace to wyrk ſum ordinance.
Yus Wallace has in playn diſcumfit haill,
Agayn King Edwarde all hys ſtrang battaill;
For throuch falſheid, and yar ſubtelite,
Yai thocht he ſuld, for gret neceſſite,
And faute off fude, to ſteyll out off ye land;
And yis Decret yair witt amang yaim fand.
Yai gert ye King cry all yair merket doun,
Fra Trent to Tweid off thro fayr and fre toun,
Yat in yai boundis na man ſuld wittaill leid,
Sic ſtuff, nor wyn, on na leſs payn bot deid;
Yis ilk Decret yai gaiff in yair parlyment.
Off Scotts forſuth to ſpek is myn entent.
Wallace lay ſtill, quhill fourty dayis was gayn,
And fyffe atour, bot perance ſaw he nayn
Battaill till haiff, as yair promyſs was maid;
He gert diſplay agayne hys Baner braid,
Rapreiffyt Edwarde rycht gretlye off yis thing,
Bawchyllyt hys ſeyll, blew out on yat fals King,
As a tyrand turnd bak and tuk hys gait.
Yan Wallace maid full mony byggyng hayt;
Yai raſſyt fyr, brynt up Northallartoun,
Agayne throuch Zork-ſchyre bauldly maid yaim boun,
Dyſtroyed ye land, as fer as euir yai ryde,
Sewyn myle about yai brynt on ayir ſyde;
Palyce yai ſpylt, gret towris can cunfound,

Wrocht

Wrocht ye Sothroune mony werkand wound.
Wedowis wepyt with ſorow in yair ſang,
Madennys murnyt with gret wenyng amang.
Yai ſparyt nocht bot wemen and ye kirk.
Yir worthi Scotts off laubour wald nocht yrk.
Abbayis gaiff yaim rycht largly to yair ſud,
Till all kyrk man yai did nothing bot gud.
Ye temperall land yai ſpoulzeit at yair will,
Gud gardens gay, and Orcharts gret yai ſpill.
Till Zork yai went yir wermen off renoune,
A ſege yai ſet rycht ſadly to ye toune.
For gret defens yai garneſt yaim within.
A felloune ſalt without yai can begyn;
Gert woid ye oft in four parts about,
With wachys feyll, yat no man ſuld uſche out.
Abowne ye toune, apon ye ſouth part ſid,
Yar Wallace wald and gud Lundy abid.
Erle Malcom ſyne at ye weſt zett abaid,
With hym ye Boid yat gud jornays had maid.
Ye Knycht Cambell, off Lochow was lord,
At ye north zett, and Ramſay maid yaim ford.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, yat worthi was in wer,
Awchinlek, Crawfurd, with full manlik affer,
At ye eſt part bauldly yai boune to byd.
A thouſand archars apon ye Scotts ſyd
Diſſcuyryt yaim amang ye four party.
Fyfe thouſand bowmen in ye tour for yi,
Within ye wallis arayit yaim full rycht,
Twelfe thouſand and ma yat ſembly was to ſycht.
Yan ſaid Wallace, yar zond apon a playn,

In feild to fecht methink we fuld bewayn.
Yan failzeit yai rycht faſt on ilka fyd.
Ye worthi Scotts, yat bauldly durſt abyd,
With ſper and ſcheild, for gounnys had yai nayne,
Within ye dykys yai gert feill Sothroune grayn;
Arowis yai ſchot als fers as ony fyr,
Attour ye wall, yat flawmyt in gret ire
Throuch byrneis brycht, with hedys fyn off ſteyll,
Ye Sothroune blud yai leit na freindſchip feyll,
Our ſchefferand harnes ſchot ye blud ſo ſcheyn.
Ye Inglis men, yat cruell was and keyn,
Kepyt yar toune, and fendyt yar full faſt,
Fagaldys off fyr amang ye oft yai caſt,
Up pyk and ter on feyll ſowys yai lent,
Mony war hurt or yai fra wallis went.
Stanys and ſpryngaldis yai caſt out ſo faſt,
And gadys of irne, maid mony groym agaſt:
Bot, neuiryeles, ye Scotts yat was without,
Ye toune full oft yai ſet into gret dout,
Yair bulwerk brynt rycht brymly off ye toun,
Yair barmkyn wan, and gret garrets keſt doun.
Yus failzeit yai, on ilk ſyd, with gret mycht.
Ye day was gayn, and cummyn was ye nycht.
Ye wery oft yan drew yaim fra ye toun,
Set out wachis, for reſtyng maid yaim boun;
Wyſche woundis with wyn off yaim yat was unſound,
For nayn was dede in gret myrth yai abound.
Feill men was hurt, but na murnyng yai maid,
Confyrmyt ye ſege, and ſtedfaſtly abaid,
Quhen yat ye ſon on morow raiſs up rycht,

Befor

Befor ye Chyftanys ſemblit yai full rycht,
And mendis thoucht of ye toune yai ſuld tak,
For all ye fens yat ye Sothroune mycht mak;
Arayit agayne, as yai began befor,
About ye toune yai failze wondyr ſor,
With felloune ſchot atour ye wall ſo ſcheyn,
Feill Inglifmen, yat cruell was and keyn,
With ſchot was ſlayn, for all yair targs ſtrang,
Byrſtyt helmys, mony to erd yai dang;
Brycht byrnand fyr yai keſt till euir ilk zet,
Ye entreſs yus in perall oft yai ſet.
Ye Defendours was off ſo fell defens,
Kepyt yair toune with ſtrenth and excellens.
And yus ye day yai dryff on, to ye nycht
To palzounns bownyt mony wery wycht.
All yrk off wer, ye toune was ſtrang to wyn,
Off artailre, and nobill men with gyn.
Quhen yat yai trowyt ye Scotts was all at reſt,
For jeperte ye Inglifmen yaim keſt.
Schyr Jhon Nourtoun was knawyn worthi and wycht,
Schyr Wilzham off Leis, graithit yaim yat nycht,
With fyffe thouſand weyll garnyſt and ſawage,
Apon ye Scotts yai thocht to mak ſcrymmage,
And at a zet uſchyt out haiſtely
On Erle Malcom, and hys gud chewalry.
To chak ye wache Wallace and ten had beyn,
Rydand about, and has yair cummyng ſeyn.
He gert ane blaw was in hys cumpany,
Ye redy men arayit yaim haiſtely.
Feill off ye Scotts ilk nycht in harnes baid,

Be ordinance, for yai ſic rewill had maid;
With ſchort awyſs togyddyr ar yai went,
Apon yair fais, quhar feill Sothroune was ſchent.
Wallace knew wéyll ye Erle to haiſty was,
For yi he ſped hym to ye preſs to paſs;
A ſuerd off wer intill hys hand he bar,
Ye fyrſt he hyt ye crag in ſondyr ſchar;
Ane oyir awkwart apon ye face tuk he,
Wyſar and frount bathe in ye feild gert ſle.
Ye hardy Erle befor hys men furth paſt,
Into ye preſs, quhar feill war fechtand faſt;
A ſcherand ſuerd bar drawyn in hys hand,
Ye fyrſt was fey yat he befor hym fand.
Quhen Wallace and he war togyddir ſet
Yar leſtyt nane agayn yaim yat yai met,
Bot ayir dede, or ellis fled yaim fray.
Be yis ye oft all in gud aray
With ye gret ſcry aſſemblit yaim about;
Yan ſtud ye Sothroune in a felloune dout.
Wallace knew weill ye Inglifmen wald ſle,
For yi he preyſt in ye thikkeſt to be,
Hewand full faſt on quhat ſege yat he ſocht,
Agaynys hys dynt fyn ſteyll awailzeit nocht.
Wallace off hand, ſen Arthour, had na mak,
Quhom he hyt rycht was ay dede off a ſtrak,
Yat was weill knawin in mony place, and yar
Quhom Wallace hyt he deryt ye Scotts no mar.
Als all hys men did cruelly and weyll,
At come to ſtrak, yat mycht ye Sothroune feyll.
Ye Inglis men fled, and left ye feild playnly.

Ye worthi Scotts wroucht ſa hardely,
Schyr Jhon off Nourton in yat place was dede,
And twelfe hundreth, withoutyn ony ramede.
Yar mony was left into ye feild and ſlayn,
Ye laiff raturnyt into ye toune agayn,
And ruyt full ſar yat euyr yai furth coud found,
Amang yaim was full mony werkand wound.
Ye oft agayne ilk ane to yair ward raid,
Cummandyt wachis, and na mayr noyis maid,
Bot reſtyt ſtill quhill yat ye brycht day dew.
Agayne began ye toune to ſailze new.
All yus yai wrocht with full gud worthines,
Aſſailzeit ſar with wytt and hardynes.
Ye oſts wittaill worth ſcant, and failzeit faſt,
Yus lay yai yar, quhill diuerſs dayis war paſt,
Ye land waiſtyt, and meit was fer ſar to wyn;
Bot yat wyſt nocht ye ſtuff yat was within,
Yai dred full ſar for yair awn waryſoun.
For Souerance prayit ye power off ye toune;
To ſpek with Wallace yai deſyryt faſt,
And he aperyt, and ſperyt quhat yai aſt.
Ye Mayr anſuerd, ſaid, we wald gyff ranſoun,
To paſs zour way, and der no mayr ye toune;
Gret ſchaym it war yat we ſuld zolden be,
And townys haldyn off leſs power yan we;
Ze may nocht wyn us ſuthly yocht ze byde,
We ſall giff gold, and ze wald fra us ryde;
We may gyff battaill, durſt we for our King,
Sen he has left it, war ane our hie thing
Till us to de, without hys ordinance,

Yis toune off hym we hald in gouernance.
Wallace anſuerd, off zour gold rek we nocht,
It is for battaill yat we hydder ſocht;
We had leiffer haiff battaill off Ingland,
Yan all ye gold yat gud King Arthour fand
On ye mont Mychell, quhar he ye gyantt ſlew;
Gold may be gayn, bot worſchip is ay new.
Zour King promyſt yat we ſuld battaill haiff,
Hys wrytt yarto undyr hys ſeyll he gaiff;
Lettir nor band, ye ſe, may nocht awaill,
Befor yis toun he hecht to gyff battaill;
Me think we ſuld on hys men wengyt be,
Apon our kyn mony gret wrang wrocht he,
Hys dewyl lik deid he did into Scotland.
Ye Mayr ſaid, ſchyr, rycht yus we undirſtand,
We haiff na charge quhat our King gers us do;
Bot in yis kynd we ſall be bundyn zow to,
Sum part of gold to gyff you with gud will,
And nocht efftyr to wait yow with na ill,
Be na kyn meyn, ye power off yis toun,
Bot gyff our King mak hym to battaill boun.
Into ye oft was mony worthi man,
With Wallace, ma yan I now rekyn can.
Bettir it was, for at hys will yai wrocht,
Yocht he was beſt, no oyir lak we nocht,
All ſeruit thank to Scotland euirmair,
For manheid witt ye quhilk yai ſchawit yair.
Ye haill cunſaill yus demyt yaim amang,
Ye toune to ſege yaim thocht it was to lang,
And nocht a payn to wyn it be no ſlycht.

Ye cunſaill fand it was ye beſt yai mycht,
Sum gold to tak, gyff yat yai get no mar,
Syne furth yair way in yair wiage yai far.
Yan Wallace ſaid, myſelf will nocht conſent,
Bot gyff yis toune mak us yus playne content,
Tak our Baner, and ſet it on ye wall,
For yair power our rewme has ridyn all,
Zoldyn to be, quhen we lik yaim to tak,
Intill Ingland reſidens gyff we mak.
Yis anſuer ſone yai ſend into ye Mayr.
Yan yai conſent, ye remayn yat was yar,
Ye Baner tuk, and ſet it on ye toune,
Till Scotland was hys honour and renoune.
Yat Baner yar was fra aucht hours to none,
Yair finance maid delyueryt gold full ſone,
Fyftye thouſand pund all gud gold off Ingland,
Ye oft reſawyt, with wittaill haboundand;
Bathe breid and wyne rycht glaidly furth yai gaiff,
And oyir ſtuff at yai likit to haiff.
Twentye dayis out ye oft ramaynit yar,
Bot want off wittaill gert yaim fra it far;
Zeit ſtill off peſs ye oft lugyt all nycht,
Quhill on ye morn ye ſone was ryſſyn on hycht,
In Aprill amang ye ſchawis ſcheyn,
Quhen ye paithment was clad in tendyr greyn;
Pleſand war it till ony creatur,
In luſty lyff yat tym for till endur.
Yir gud wer men had fredome largly,
Bot fude was ſcant, yai mycht get nayn to by.
Turſyt tents, and in ye contre raid,

On Inglifmen full gret herfchipe yai maid;
Brynt and brak doun byggyns, fparyt yai nocht,
Rycht worthi wallis full law to ground yai brocht.
All mydlen land yai brynt up in a fyr,
Brak parkis doune deftroyit all ye fchyr;
Woyld der yai flew for oyir befts was nayn,
Yir wermen tuk off venyfoune gud wayn.
Towart ye fouth yai turnyt at ye laft,
Maid byggyngs bar als fer as euir yai paft.
Ye commouns all to London ar yai went,
Befor ye King, and tald hym yar entent,
And faid, yai fuld, but he gert Wallace ceſs,
Forfaik yair faith, and tak yaim till hys peſs.
Na herrald yar durft yan to Wallace paſs,
Quharoff ye king gretly agrewit was.
Yus Edwarde left his pepill into baill,
Contrar Wallace he wald nocht gyff battaill.
Nor byd in feild for nocht yat yai couth fay,
Gaiff our ye cauſs, to London paft hys way.
At men off wit yis queftioune her I aſs,
Amang noblis gyff euyr ony yat was,
Sa lang throw force in Ingland lay on caſs,
Synce Brudus deit but battaill bot Wallace.
Gret Julius ye empyr had in hand,
Twyſs off force he was put off Ingland.
Wycht Arthour als off wer quhen yat he prewit,
Twyſs yai faucht, fuppoſs yai war myſchewyt.
Awfull Edwarde durft nocht Wallace abid,
In playn battaill for all Ingland ſo wid,
In London he lay, and tuk hym to hys reſt,

And brak hys wow, quhilk hald yow for ye beſt;
Rycht clayr it is to ranſek yis queſtioun,
Deyme as ze leſt, gud men off diſcretioun.
To my ſentence breyſſly will I paſs,
Quhen Wallace yus throw Zork-ſchyre jowrnat was,
Wittaill as yan was nayne left in ye land,
Bot in houſſis quhar it mycht be warrand.
Ye oft hereoff abaiſyt was to byd;
Fra fude ſcantyt na pleſance was yat tyd;
Sum baid ryd hayme, ſum baid ryd forthirmar,
Wallace callyt Jop, and ſaid to hym rycht yar,
Yow knawis ye land, quhar maiſt abaundance is,
Be yow our gyd, and yan we ſall nocht myſs
Wittaill to fynd, yat wait I wondir weyll,
Yow has, I traiſt, off Ingland mekill feyll.
Ye King and he to ſtark ſtrenthis ar gayn,
Bot jeperte, now perill haiff we nayn.
Yan Jop ſaid, be ze gydyt be me,
Ye bowndandeſt part off Ingland ze ſall ſe;
Off wyn and quheyt yar is in Rychmount-ſchyr,
And oyir ſtuff off fud yat ye deſyr,
Quharoff I trow ze ſall be weyll content.
Ye oft was glaid and yidderwart yai went.
Mony trew Scotts war ſemblyt in yat land,
To Wallace come weyll ma yan nyne thouſand;
Off priſone part, ſum had in lawbour wrocht,
Fra ayir parts full faſt till hym yai ſocht.
Wallace was blyth off our awn natyff kyn
Yat come till hym, off baill yat yai war in;
And all ye oft off comfort was ye blythar,

Fra yair awn folk was multipliand ye mar.
In Richmunt-ſchyr yai fand a gret bundance,
Breid, ayll and wyn, with oyir purueance;
Brak parkis doun, and ſlew beſtis mony ane,
Off wyld and tayme, forſuth yai ſparyt nane.
Throuchout ye land yai paſt in gud aray;
A ſembly place ſa fand yai in yar way,
Quhilk Ramſwaith hecht, as Jop hymſelf yai tald;
Fehew was Lord and Captayne in yat hald.
A hundreth men was ſemblyt in yat place;
To ſawe yaimſelf and yar gud fra Wallace;
A ryoll ſted, faſt by a foreſt ſyd,
With turretts fayr, and garretts off gret pryd,
Beildyt about, rycht likly to be wycht,
Awfull it was till ony mannis ſycht;
Feill men aboune on ye wallis buſkyt beyn,
In gud armour, yat burnyſt was full ſcheyn.
Ye oft paſt by, and bot weſyt yat place;
Zen yai within on lowd defyt Wallace,
And trumpatts blew with mony werlik ſoun.
Yan Wallace ſaid, had we zon gallands doun,
On ye playn ground, yai wald mor ſobyr be.
Yan Jop ſaid, ſchyr, yow gart hys brodyr de,
In harrold weid, ye wait, on Tynto-hill.
Wallace anſuerd, ſo wald I with gud will,
Had I hymſelff, bot we may nocht yaim der,
Gud men mon thoill off harlotts ſcorn in wer.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme wald at a bykkyr beyn:
Bot Wallace ſone yat gret perell has ſeyn,
Commaundyt hym to lett hys ſeruice be,

We haiff na men to waiſt in ſic degre;
Wald ye yaim harm, I knaw ane oyir gait,
Quhow we throuch fyr within ſall mak yaim hait;
Fyr has beyn ay full felloune into wer,
On ſic a place it ma do mekill der;
Yair auld bulwerk I ſe off wyddryt ayk,
War it in fyr, yai mycht not byd a ſtraik,
Houſſis and wode is her eneuch plente,
Quha hewis beſt off yis forreſt lat ſe;
Pull houſſis doun, we ſall not want a deill,
Ye auld temyr will ger ye greyn byrn weill.
At hys cummaund full beſyly yai wrocht,
Gret wode in haiſt about ye houſs yai brocht.
Ye bulwerk wan yair men off armys brycht,
To ye barmkyn laid temyr apon hycht.
Yan bowmen ſchot to kep yaim fra ye caſt;
Ye wall about had feſtnyt fyris faſt.
Women and barnys on Wallace faſt yai cry,
On kneis yai fell, and aſkyt hym mercy.
At a quartar, quhar fyr had nocht ourtayn,
Yai tuk yaim out fra caſtell off ſtayn,
Syne let ye fyr with brundys brym and bauld,
Ye rude low raiſs full heich aboune yat hauld.
Barrellis off pyk for ye defens was hungyn yar,
All ſtrak in fyr, ge myſcheiff was ye mar.
Quhen ye brym fyr attour ye place was paſt,
Yan yai within mycht noyir ſchut no caſt.
Als beſtiall, as horſs and nowt, within,
Amang ye fyr yai maid a hidwyſs din.
Ye armyt men in harnes was ſo hait,

Sum doun to ground duſchit but mar debait;
Sum lap, ſum fell into ye felloune fyr,
Smoryt to dede, and brynt bath bayn and lyr,
Ye fyr brak in at all opynnys about,
Nayn baid on loft, ſo felloune was ye dout.
Fehew hymſelff lap rudly fra ye hycht,
Throuch all ye fyr can on ye barmkyn lyckt.
With a gud ſuerd Wallace ſtrak off hys hed,
Jop hynt it up, and turſt fra yat ſted.
Fyffe hundreth men, yat war into yat place,
Gat nayne away, bot dede withoutyn grace.
Wallace baid ſtill with hys power yat nycht;
Apon ye morn ye fyr had failzeit mycht.
Befor ye zett, quhar it was brynt on breid,
A red yai maid, and to ye Caſtell zeid,
Strak doun ye zett, and tuk yat yai mycht wyn,
Jewllis and gold, gret riches was yarin;
Spulzeit ye place, and left nocht ellis yar,
Bot beſtis, brynt bodyis, and wallis bar.
Yan tuk yai hyr, yat wyff was to Fehew,
Gaiff yis cummand, as ſche was women trew,
To turſs yat hed to London to King Edwarde.
Sche it reſawit with gret ſorow on hart.
Wallace hymſelff yar chargis till hyr gaiff,
Say to zour King, bot gyff I battaill haiff,
At London zetts we ſall aſſalzie ſayr,
In yis moneth we think for to be yar;
Traſts in treuth, will God, we ſall nocht faill,
Bot I raſyſt throw charge off our cunſaill;
Ye ſouthmaiſt part off Ingland we ſall ſe,

Bot he ſek peſs, or ellis bargan with me;
Apon a tyme he chargy me on yis wyſs,
Rycht bouſtouſly to mak till hym ſeruice;
Sic ſall he haiff, as he us cauſs had maid.
Yan mowit yai without lángar abaid.
Delyueryt ſche was fra yis gud chewalry,
Towart London ſche ſocht rycht ernyſtfully;
On to ye tour, but mar proceſs ſche went,
Quhar Edwarde lay ſayr murnyng in hys entent.
Hys newois hede, quhen he ſaw it was brocht,
Sa gret ſorow ſadly apon hym ſocht,
With gret uneſs apon hys ſeit he ſtud,
Wepand for wo for hys der tendyr blud.
Ye cunſaill raiſs, and prayit hym for to ceſs,
We loſs Ingland bot gyff ye purcheſs peſs.
Yan Wodſtok ſaid, yis is my beſt cunſaill,
Tak peſs a tyme as for our awn awaill,
Or we tyne mar ſlaik off our curage,
Treſt ze may get help to your barnage.
Ye King grantyt, and baid yaim meſſage ſend;
Na man was yar yat durſt to Wallace wend.
Ye Queyn apperyt, and ſaw yis gret diſtance,
Weill born ſche was off ye rycht blud off France,
Sche trowit weill yarfor to ſped ye mar,
Hyrſelff purpoſt in yat meſſage to far.
Als ſche forthocht yat ye King tuk on hand,
Agayne ye rycht ſo oft to reyff Scotland.
And feill ſaid, ye wengeance hapnyt yar,
Off gret murthyr hys men maid intill Ayr.
Yus demyt yai ye cunſaill yaim amang.

To yis effett ye Queyn bownyt to gang;
Quhen ſche has ſeyn ilk man forſak yis thing,
On kneis ſche fell, and aſkyt at ye King,
Sowerane, ſche ſaid, gyff it zour willis be,
At I deſyr yon Chuſtane for to ſe,
For he is knawin baith hardy, wyſs, and trew,
Perchance he will erar on wemen rew,
Yan on zour men; zow haiff don hym ſic der,
Quhen he yaim ſeis, it mowis hym ay to wer.
To help yis land I wald mak my trawaill,
It ma nocht ſcaith, ſuppoſs it do na waill.
Ye lordis all off hyr deſyr was fayn,
On to ye King yai maid inſtans in playn,
Yat ſche mycht paſs. Ye King, with awkwart will,
Halff into ire, has conſent yartill.
Sum off yaim ſaid, ye Queyn luffyt Wallace,
For ye gret woice off hys hie nobilnes.
A hardy man, yat is likly with all,
Gret fawour will off fortoun till hym fall,
Anent wemen is ſeyne in mony place,
So hapnyt it in hys tyme with Wallace.
In hys ryſſyng he was a luffar trew,
And cheſyt ane, quhilk Inglifmen hyr ſlew.
Zeit I ſay nocht ye Queyn wald on hyr tak,
All for hys luff, ſic trawaill for to mak.
Sche graithit hyr apon a gudlye wifs,
With gold and ger and folk at hyr dewifs;
Ladyis with hyr, nane oyir wald yai ſend,
And ald preyſts, yat weill ye cuntre kend.
Lat I ye Queyn to meſſage redy dycht,

And ſpek furth mar off Wallace trawaill rycht.
Ye worthi Scotts amang yair enymyſs raid,
Full gret deſtructioune amang ye Sothroune yai maid,
Waiſtit about ye land on ayir ſyd,
Na wer men yan durſt in yair way abyd;
Yai ranſoun nane, bot to ye dede yai dycht,
In mony ſteid maid fyrs braid and brycht.
Ye oft was blyth, and in a gud eſtate,
Na power was at wald mak yaim debaite;
Gret ryches wan off gold and gud yaim till,
Leyffyng enewch to tak at yair awn will.
In awfull fer yai trawaill throuch ye land,
Maid byggyngs bar yat yai befor yaim fand;
Gret barmkynnys brak off ſteds ſtark and ſtrang;
Yar wycht wer men off trawaill thocht nocht lang.
South in ye land rycht erneſtfully yai focht,
To Santt Allbawnys bot harm yar did yai nocht;
Ye power ſend yaim wyn and wenyſoun,
Refreſchyt ye oft with gud in gret fuſioun.
Ye nycht apperyt quhen yai war at ye place,
Yan herbreyt yaim fra ynce a litill ſpace,
Cheſyt a ſted quhar yai ſuld byd all nycht,
Tents on ground, and palzonis proudly pycht;
Into a waill, be a ſmall rywer fayr,
On ayir ſid yuhar wyld der maid repayr;
Set wachis out, yat wyſly couth yaim kepe,
To ſouppar went, and tymſly yai ſlepe;
Off meit and ſleip yai ceſs with ſuffiſiance.
Ye nycht was myrk, our drayff ye dyrkfull chance.
Ye mery day ſprang fra ye oryent,

With bemys brycht enlumynyt ye occident.
After Titan, Phebus upryſyt fayr,
Heich in ye ſper, ye ſignes maid declayr.
Zephers began hys morow courſs,
Ye ſwete wapour yus fra ye ground reſourſs;
Ye humyll breyth doun fra ye Hewen awaill,
In euery meide, bathe fyrth, forreſt and daill.
Ye cler rede amang ye rochis rang,
Throuch greyn branchis quhar byrds blythly ſang,
With joyus wois in hewynly armony.
Yan Wallace thocht it was no tyme to ly;
He croyſſit hym, ſyne ſodeynle up raiſs,
To tak ye ayr out off hys palzon gaes.
Maiſter Jhon Blar was redy to raweſs,
In gud entent ſyne bownyt to ye meſs.
Quhen it was don, Wallace can hym aray,
In hys armour, quhilk gudly was and gay.
Hys ſchenand ſchoys, yat burnyſt was full beyne,
Hys leg harnes he clappyt on ſa clene,
Pullane greis he braiſſit on full faſt,
A cloſs byrny, with mony ſekyr claſp,
Breyſt plait, brazars, yat worthi was in wer;
Beſid hym furth Jop couth hys baſnet ber;
Hys glytterand glowis grawin on ayir ſyd,
He ſemyt weill in battaill till abyde;
Hys gud gyrdill, and ſyne hys burly brand,
A ſtaff off ſteyll he gryppyt in hys hand.
Ye oft hym blyſt, and prayit God, off hys Grace,
Hym to conway fra all myſtymyt cace.
Adam Wallace and Boid furth with hym zeid,

Be a rywer throuchout a forryſt meid;
And as yai walk atour ye feylds ſa greyn,
Out off ye ſouth yai ſaw quhar at ye Queyn,
Towart ye oft come ridand ſobyrly,
And fyfty ladyis was in hyr cumpany,
Waillyt off wyt, and demyt off renoun,
Sum wedowis war, and ſum off religioun;
And ſewyn preyſts yat entrit war in age;
Wallace to ſic did neuir gret owtrage,
Bot gyff till hym yai maid a gret offens.
Yus prochyt yai on towart yair preſens.
At ye palzoun, quhar yai ye lyown ſaw,
To grounde yai lycht, and ſyne on kneis can faw,
Prayand for peſs, yai cry with petous cher.
Erle Malcom ſaid, our Chyftane is not her;
He bad hyr ryſs, and ſaid it was nocht rycht,
A Queyn on kneis till ony lawar wycht.
Up by ye hand ye gud Erle has hyr tayn,
Atour ye bent to Wallace ar yai gayn.
Quhen ſche hym ſaw, ſche wald haiff knelyt doune;
In armys ſone he caucht yis Queyn with croun,
And kyſſyt hyr withoutyn wordis mor,
Sa dyd he neuir to na Sothroune befor.
Madeym, he ſaid, rycht welcum mot ze be,
Quhow pleſſis zow our oſtyng for to ſe.
Rycht weill, ſche ſaid, off freindſchipe haiff we neid,
God grant ze wald off our neſs to ſpeid.
Suffyr we mon, ſuppoſs it lik us ill,
Bot traſts, weill it is contrar our will;
Ze ſall ramayn, with yis lord I mon gang,

Fra zour prefens we fall nocht tary lang.
Ye Erle and he on to ye palzeon zeid,
With gud awifs to deym mar off yis deid.
Till cunfaill fone Wallace gert call yaim to,
Lordis he faid, ze wait quhat is ado,
Off yair cummyng myfelff has na plefance,
Herfor mon we wyrk with ordinance;
Wemen may be com tempnying into wer,
Amang fullis yat can yaim nocht forber.
I fay nocht yis be yir, nor zeit ze Queyn,
I trow it be bot gud yat fche will meyn;
Bot fampyll tak off lang tyme paft by;
At Rownfywaill ye trefoun was playnly
Be wemen maid, yat Ganzelon with hym brocht,
And Turke wyn forber yaim couth yai nocht:
Lang ufs in wer gert yaim defyr yair will,
Quhilk brocht Charlis to felloune lofs and ill;
Ye flour off France, withoutyn redemptioun,
Throuch yat foull dede, was brocht to confufioune.
Commaund zour men yarfor in priway wyfs,
On payn off lyff yai wyrk nocht on fic wyfs;
Nane fpek with yaim, bot wyffmen off gret waill,
At lords ar, and fuorn to yis cunfaill.
Yis charge yai did als wyfly as yai mycht,
Yis ordynance throw all ye oft was wrocht.
He and ye Erle bathe to ye Queyn yai went,
Refawyt hyr fayr, and brocht hyr till a tent,
To dyner bownyt als gudly as yai can,
And ferwit was with mony likly man.
Gud purwiance ye Queyn had with hyr wrocht,

A ſey ſche tuk off all thing yat yai brocht.
Wallace perſawyt, and ſaid, we haiff na dreid,
I can nocht trow ladyis wald do ſic deid,
To poyſoun men, for all Ingland to wyn.
Ye Queyn anſuerd, gyff poyſoun be yarin,
Off ony thing quhilk is brocht her with me,
Apon myſelff fyrſt ſorow ſall ze ſe.
Sone eftir meit a Marchell gart abſent,
Bot lordis, and yai yat fuld to cunſaill went.
Ladyis apperyt in preſens with ye Queyn.
Wallace aſkyt quhat hyr cummyng mycht meyn.
For peſs, ſche ſaid, at we haiff to yow ſocht,
Yis byrnand wer in baill has mony brocht;
Ze grant us peſs, for hym yat deit on tre.
Wallace anſuerd, madeym yat may nocht be,
Ingland has doyne ſa gret harmys till us,
We may nocht paſs, and lychtly leiffit yus.
Zeiſs ſaid ye Queyne, for cryſtyn folk we ar,
For Godds ſaik, ſen we deſyr na mar,
We awcht peſs. Madeym, yat I deny,
Ye perfyt cauſs I ſall zone ſchaw for quhy;
Ze ſeke na peſs, bot for your awne awaill:
Quhen your fals King had Scotland gryppyt haill,
For na kyn thing yat he befor hym fand,
He wald nocht thoill ye rycht blud in our land,
Bot reft yar rent, ſyne put yaimſelff to ded,
Ranſoun off gold mycht mak us na remed;
Hys fell fals wer ſall on hymſelff be ſeyn.
Yan ſobyrly till hym anſuerd ye Queyn,
Off yir wrangs amends war moſt fair.

Madeym, he ſaid, off hym we ask na mar,
Bot at he wald byd us into Battaill,
And God be juge, he kennys ye mattir haill.
Sic mendis, ſche ſaid, war not rycht gud think me;
Peſs now war beſt, and it mycht purcheſt be:
Wald ze grant peſs, and trwyſs with us tak,
Throuch all Ingland we ſuld gar prayers mak
For yow, and yaim at in ye wer war loſt.
Yan Wallace ſaid, quhar ſic thing cummys throuch boſt,
Prayer off fors, quhar ſo at it be wrocht,
Till us helpis litill, or ellis nocht.
Warly ſche ſaid, yus wyſſmen has us kend,
Ay eftir wer peſs is ye finall end;
Quharfor ze ſuld off your gret malice ceſs,
Ye end off wer is cherete and peſs.
Peſs is in Hewyn, with blyſs and leſtandnas,
We ſall beſeke ye Pepe, off hys hie grace,
Till cummaund, peſs ſen we may do na mar.
Madeym, he ſaid, or your purcheſs cum yar,
Mendys we think off Ingland for to haiff.
Quhat ſet yow yus, ſche ſaid, for God zow ſaiff,
Fra violent wer at ye lik nocht to duell.
Madeym, he ſaid, ye ſuth I ſall yow tell.
Eftir ye dayt off Alexandris ryng,
Our land ſtud thre zer deſolate but King,
Kepyt full weyll at concord in gud ſtait;
Throuch twa clemyt, yar hapnyt gret debait,
So ernyſtfully, accord yaim nocht yai can;
Zour King yai aſt for to be yair ourman;
Slely he ſlaid throw ye ſtrenthis off Scotland,

Ye kynryk ſyne he tuk in hys awne hand;
He maid a kyng agayne our rychtwyſs law,
For he off hym ſuld hald ye regioun aw:
Contrar yis band was all ye haill barnage,
For Scotland was zeit neuir into thrillage.
Gret Julius, yat tribut gat off all,
Hys wynnyng was in Scotland bot full ſmall.
Yan yóur fals King, undyr colour but mar,
Throuch band he maid till Bruce yat is our ayr,
Throuch all Scotland with gret power yai raid,
Undyr yat King quhilk he befor had maid;
To Bruce ſen ſyne he kepit na connand,
He ſaid, he wald nocht go and conqueſs land
Till oyir men; and yus ye caſs befell.
Yan Scotland throuch he demayned hymſell;
Slew our elderis, gret pete was to ſe,
In pryſoune ſyne lang tyme yai pynyt me,
Quhill I fra yaim was caſtyn out for ded;
Thankyt be God he ſend me ſum remed.
Wengyt to be I prowyt all my mycht,
Feill off yair kyn to dede ſyn I haiff dycht.
Ye rage off youth gert me deſyr a wyff,
Yat rewit I ſayr and will do all my lyff;
A tratour knycht, but mercy gert hyr de,
Ane Heſylryg bot for deſpyt off me.
Yan rang I furth in cruell wer and payn,
Quhill we redemyt part off our land agayn.
Yan your curſt King deſyryt off us a trew,
Quhilk maid Scotland full rathly for to rew,
Into yat peſs yai ſett a ſuttell Ayr,

Yan

Yan auchtand ſcor to dede yai hangyt yar,
At noblis war, and worthi off renoúne,
Off cot armys eldeſt in yat regioune;
Yair dede we think to wenge in all our mycht.
Ye woman als, yat dulfully was dycht,
Out off my mynd yat dede will neuir byd,
Quhill God me tak fra yis fals warld ſa wyd;
Off Sothroune ſen I can no pete haiff,
Zour men in wer I think neuir mar to ſaiff.
Ye breicht ters, was gret payn to behald,
Bryſt fra hys eyn, be he hys taill had tald.
Ye Queyn wepyt for pete off Wallace,
Allace, ſche ſaid, wa worth ye curſſyt cace,
In waryit tym yat Heſilryg was born,
Mony worthi throuch hys deid ar forlorn;
He ſuld haiff payne, yat ſaikles ſic ane ſleuch,
Ingland ſen ſyne has bouch it der enewch,
Thocht ſche had beyne a Queyn or a Prynſace.
Madeym, he ſaid, as God gyff me gud Grace,
Intill hyr tyme ſche was als der to me,
Prynſace or Queyn, in quhat ſtait ſa yai be.
Wallace, ſche ſaid, off yis talk we will ceſs,
Ye mendis heroff is gud prayer and peſs.
I grant, he ſaid, off me as now na mayr,
Yis is rycht nocht bot ekyng off our cayr.
Ye Queyn fand weyll langage no thing hyr bet,
Sche trowit with gold yat he mycht be ourſet;
Thre thowſand pound off fyneſt gold ſo red,
Sche gert be brocht to Wallace in yat ſted.
Madeym, he ſaid, na ſic tribut we craiff,

Anoyr

Anoyr mends we wald off Ingland haiff,
Or we raturn fra yis regioune agayn,
Off zour fals blud yat has our elders flayn;
For all ye gold, and riches ze in ryng,
Ze get no peſs, but deſyr off your King.
Quhen ſche ſaw weill gold mycht hyr nocht releiff,
Sum part in ſport ſche thoucht hym for to preiff.
Wallace, ſche ſaid, ze war clepyt my luff,
Mor baundounly I maid me for to pruff,
Traiſtand yarfor your rancour for to ſlak,
Me think ze ſuld do ſumthing for my ſaik.
Rycht wyſly he maid anſuer to ye Queyn,
Madeym, he ſaid, and verite war ſeyn,
Yat ze my luffyt, I awcht yow luff agayn,
Yir wordis ar all na thing bot in wayn;
Sic luff as yat is nathing till awance,
To tak alak and ſyne get na pleſance.
In ſpech off luff ſuttell ye Sothroune ar,
Ze can us mok, ſuppoſs ye ſe na mar.
In London, ſche ſaid, for zow I ſuffryt blaym;
Our cunſaill als will lauch when we cum haym;
So may yai ſay, wemen ar ferſs off thocht,
To ſek freindſchipe, and ſyne can get rycht nocht.
Madeym, he ſaid, we wait how yow ar ſend,
Ze trow we haiff bot litill for to ſpend.
Fyrſt with your gold, for ze ar rych and wyſs.
Ze wald us blynd, ſen Scotts ar ſo nyſs;
Syne pleſand wordis off yow and ladyis fayr,
As quha ſuld dryff ye byrds till a ſnar
With ye ſmall pype, for it moſt freſche will call;

Madeym,

Madeym, as zeit ze ma nocht tempt us all;
Gret part off gud is left amang our kyn,
In Ingland als we fynd enewch to wyn.
Abayſſit ſche was to mak anſuer hym till.
Der ſchyr, ſche ſaid, ſen yis is at your will,
Wer or peſs, quhat ſo zow likis beſt,
Lat your hie witt and gud cunſaill degeſt.
Madeym, he ſaid, now ſall ze undirſtand
Ye reſoune quhy yat I will mak na band;
With zow, ladyis, I can na trewis bynd,
For your fals King hereftir ſone wald fynd,
Quhen he ſaw tym to brak it at hys will,
And playnly ſay, he granty nocht yartill;
Yan had we nayn bot ladyis to rapruff:
Yat ſall he nocht, be God yat is abuff,
Apon wemen I will na wer begyn,
On zow in faith no worſchip is to wyn:
All he haill peſs apon hymſelff he ſall tak,
Off peſs or wer quhat hapnyt we to tak.
Ye Queyn grantyt hys anſuer ſufficient,
Sa dyd ye laiff in place yat war preſent;
Hys deliuerance yai held off gret awaill,
And ſtark enewch to ſchaw to yair cunſaill.
Wa was ye Queyn hyr trawaill helpyt nocht,
Ye gold ſche tuk yat yai had with hyr brocht,
On to ye oft rycht frely ſche it gaiff,
Till euir ilk man yat lykit for till haiff:
Yo menſtraillis, harrolds, ſche delt haboundandle,
Beſekand yaim hyr freynd at yai wald be.
Quhen Wallace ſaw ye fredom off ye Queyn,

Sadly,

Sadly, he ſaid, ye ſuth weyll has beyn ſeyn,
Wemen may tempt ye wyſeſt at is wrocht;
Zour gret gentrice it ſall neuir be for nocht,
We aſſure our oft ſall muff na thing,
Quhill tym ze may ſend meſſage fra your King.
Gyff it be ſa, yat he accord and we,
Yan for zour ſaik it ſall ye bettir be:
Your harrolds als ſall faiffly cum and ga,
For zour fredom we ſall trowbill na ma.
Sche thankyt hym off hys grant mony ſyſs,
And all ye ladyis apon a gudly wyſs.
Glaidly yai drank, ye Queyn and gud Wallace,
Yir ladyis als, and lordis in yat place
Hyr leyff ſche tuk without langar abaid,
Fyffe myile yat nycht ſouth till a nonry raid.
Apon ye morn till London paſſit yai,
In Weſtminſter, quhar at ye cunſaill lay.
Wallace anſuer ſche gart ſchaw te ye King,
It neds nocht hyr raherſs mar off yis thing.
Ye gret cummend yat ſche to Wallace gaiff,
Befor ye King, in preſens off ye laiff,
Till trew Scotts it ſuld gretly applefs,
Yocht Ingliſmen yaroff had littill eſs;
Off worſchipp, wyt, manheid, and gouernans,
Off fredome, trewth, key off remembrans,
Sche callyt hym yar into yair hye preſens,
Yocht contrar yaim he ſtud at hys defens:
Sa Chyftaynelik, ſche ſaid, as he is ſeyn,
Intill Ingland, I trow, has neuir beyn:
Wald ze off gold giff hym yis rewmys rent,

Fra

Fra honour he will nocht turn hys entent.
Sufferyt we ar, quhill ze may meſſage mak
Off wyfs lordis ſum part I reid yow tak,
To purcheſs peſs, withoutyn wordis mar,
For all Ingland may rew hys raid full ſayr.
Zour haroldis als to paſs to hym has leyff,
In all hys oft yar ſall na man yaim greyff.
Yan thankyt yai ye Queyn for hyr trawaill,
Ye King, and Lordis yat was off hys cunſaill.
Off hyr anſuer ye King appleſyt was;
Yan thre gret Lords yai ordand for to paſs.
Yar cunſaill haill has found it was ye beſt,
Trewis to tak, or ellis yai get na reſt.
A harrold went, in all ye haiſt he may,
Till Tawbane waill, quhar at ye Scotts lay,
Condeyt to haiff, quhill yai haiff ſaid yar will.
Ye cunſaill ſone condeyt gaiff hym till.
Agayne he paſt with Souerance till hys King.
Yan cheſyt yai thre Lords for yis thing.
Ye keyn Clyffurd, was yan yair Wardane haill,
Bewmont, Wodſtok, all men off mekill waill:
Quhat yir thre wrocht ye laiff fuld ſtand yar till,
Ye Kyngis ſeyll was gyffyn yaim at yair will.
Sone yai war brocht to ſpekyng to Wallace.
Wodſtok hym ſchawit mony ſuttell cace.
Wallace he herd ye ſophammis euir ilk deill,
As zeit, he ſaid, me think ye mein bot weill;
In wrang ze hald, and dois us gret owtrage:
Off houſſis part yat is our heretage,
Owt off yis peſs in playn I mak yaim knawin,

Yaim for to wyn, ſen yat yai ar our awin;
Roxburch, Berweik, at owrs lang tym haiff beyn
Into ye handis off yon fals Southroune keyn,
We aſk her als, be wertu off yis band,
Our ayrs, our King, be wrang led off Scotland;
We ſall yaim haiff, withoutyn wordis mar.
Till hys deſyr ye Lordis grants yar;
For na kyn thing ye peſs yai wald nocht faill.
Ye zong Randell, at yan in London was,
Ye Lord off Lorn in yis band he can aſs;
Erle off Bowchane, but yan in tendyr age,
Eftir he grew a man off hycht, wyſs and large,
Cummyn and Soullis he gert deliuer als,
Quhilk eftir was till King Robert full fals.
Wallang fled our, and durſt nocht byde yat mute,
In Pykardte als till hym was na bute:
Bot Wallace wald erar haff had ye fals knycht,
Yan ten thouſand off fyneſt gold ſo brycht.
Ye Bruce he aſkyt, bot he was had away,
Befor yat tym, to Calyſs, mony day;
King Edwarde prowyt yat yai mycht nocht hym get,
Off Gloſeſtir hys uncle had hym ſet,
At Calyſs yan had haly in kepyng.
Wallace yat tym gat nocht hys rychtwyſs King.
Ye Erle Patrik fra London alſua ſend,
Wycht Wallace to mak, as weill befor was kend,
Off hys mater a fynaill gouernance,
Till King Edwarde gaiff up hys legeance,
And tuk till hald off Scotland euirmar.
With full glaid hart Wallace reſſawit hym yar;

Yai honouryt hym rycht reuerendly as Lord.
Ye Scotts war all reiofyt off yat conford.
A hundreth horfs, with zong Lordis off renoune,
Till Wallace com, fred owt off yat prefoune.
Undyr hys feill King Edwarde yaim gert fend,
For till gyff our, and mak a finaill end,
Roxburch, Berweik, quhilk is off mekill waill,
To Scottfmen, and all ye boundis haill.
To fyffe zer trews yai promyft be yair band.
Yan Wallace faid, we will pafs ner Scotland,
Or ocht be feld; and yarfor mak us bown
Agayne we will befyd Northallyrtoun,
Quhar King Edwarde fyrft battaill hecht to me,
As it began, yar fall it endyt be.
Gret weyll zour Queyn, he chargyt ye meffage,
It is for hyr yat we leyff our wiage.
A day he fet, quhen he fuld meit hym yar,
And feill yis pefs, withoutyn wordis mar.
Apon ye morn ye oft, but mar awyfs,
Trauountyt north apon a gudlye wyfs,
To ye fet tryft yat Wallace had yaim maid.
Ye Inglis meffage come but mar abaid;
Yai feyllyt ye pefs withoutyn langar delay.
Ye meffage yan apon ye fecund day,
Till London went in all ye haift yai can.
Ye worthi Scotts, with mony gudly man,
Till Bamburch com with all ye power haill,
Sexte thoufand, all Scotts off gret waill,
Ten dayis befor all Halow-ewyn yai fur;
On Lammefs day yai lycht on Caram mur,

Yar lugyt yai with pleſance as yai mocht,
Quhill on ye morn yat preiſts to yaim ſocht,
In Caram kyrk, and ſeſſyt in hys hand
Roxburch keyis, as yai had maid cummaund,
And Berweik als, quhilk Sothroune had ſa lang;
Yai frede ye folk in Ingland for to gang.
Fra yair lyffs uſchyt off ayir place,
Yai durſt nocht weill byd rekynnyng off Wallace.
Captayne he maid, in Berweik off renoun,
Yat worthi was, gud Cryſtell off Cetoun.
Kepar he left till Roxburch Caſtell wycht,
Schyr Jhon Ramſay, a wyſs and worthi knycht;
Syne Wallace ſelff, with Erle Patrik in playn,
To Dunbar raid, and reſtoryt hym agayne,
In hys Caſtell, and all yat heretage,
With ye conſent off all yat haill barnage.
Quhen Wallace was agreit and yis Lord,
To rewll ye rewm he maid hym gudly ford.
Scotland atour, fra Roſs to Solway ſand,
He raid it thryſs, and ſtatut all ye land.
In ye Leyn-houſs a quhill he maid repayr,
Schyr Jhon Menteth yat tyme was Captayne yar,
Twyſs befor he had hys goſſep beyn,
Bot na freindſchipe betwix yaim ſyn was ſeyn.
Twa monethis ſtill he duelt in Dimbertane;
A houſs he foundyt apon ye rock off ſtayne;
Men left he yar till byggyt to ye hycht,
Syn to ye march agayn he rydis rycht.
Into Roxburch yai cheſyt hym a place,
A gud tour yar he gert byg in ſchort ſpace.

Ye kynrik ſtud in gud worſchip and eſs,
Was nayn ſa gret durſt hys nychtbour diſpleſs.
Ye abill ground gert lawbour thryftely,
Wittaill and froyte yar grew aboundanly.
Was neuir befor, ſen yis was callyt Scotland,
Sic welth and peſs at anys in ye land.
He ſent Jop twyſs to Bruce in Huntyngtoune,
Beſekand hym to cum and tak hys croun.
Counſaill he tuk at fals Saxonis, allace!
He had neuir hap in lyff to get Wallace.
Thre zer as yus ye rewm ſtud in gud peſs,
Off yis I mak my wordis for to ceſs,
And furthyr furth off Wallace I will tell,
Intill hys lyff quhat awentur zeit fell.
A Ryoll King yan ryngyt into France,
Gret worſchip herd off Wallace gouernance,
Off prowis, pryſs, and off hys worthy deid,
And forthwart, fayr, commendede off manheid,
Bathe humyll, leyll, and off hys priwyt pryſs,
Off honour, trewth, and woid off cowatyſs.
Ye nobill King, ryngand in ryolte,
Had gret delyte yis Wallace for to ſe,
And knew rycht weyll ſchortly to undirſtand
Ye gret ſuppryſs and ourſet off Ingland;
Als marweld he off Wallace ſmall power,
Yat bot a King tuk ſic a rewme to ſter,
Agayn Ingland and gert yair malice ceſs,
Quhill yai deſyryt, with gud will to mak peſs.
And rycht onon a harrold gert he call,
In ſchort termys he has reherſyt all

Off

Off hys entent completely till ane end,
Syne in Scotland he had hym for to wend;
And yus he wrait intill gret honour,
To Wilzham Wallace as a conquerour.
" O Lowit Leid with worſchipe wyſs and wycht,
" Yow werray help in haldyn off ye rycht,
" Yow rycht reſtorer off yi natyff land,
" With Godds Grace agayne yi fayis to ſtand
" In yi defens, helpar off rychtwyſs blud,
" O worthi berth, and blyſſyt be yi fud;
" As it is red in prophecy beforn,
" In happy tym for Scotland yow was born;
" I ye beſek, with all humylite,
" My cloſs lettir yow wald conſaiff and ſe,
" As your brodyr, I cryſtyn King off France,
" To ye berer ye her and gyff credance."
Ye herrold bownd, hym and to ye ſchip is gon
In Scotland ſone he cummyn is onon;
Bot herrold lyk he ſekys hys preſens.
On land he went, and maid no reſidens
In ony ſted, quhar he preſumyt yar,
So on a day he fand hym into Ayr,
In gud affer, and manlik cumpany.
Ye harrold yan, with honour reuerendly,
Has ſaluſt hym apon a gudly maner.
And he agayn, with humyl hamly cher,
Reſawit hym into rycht gudly wyſs.
Ye harrold yan, with worſchip to deuiſs,
Betuk till hym ye Kings wrytt off France.
Wallace on kne, with lawly obeyſance,

Rycht reuerendly, for worſchip off Scotland.
Quhen he it red, and had it undirſtand,
At yis herrold he aſkyt hys credence,
With aſpre ſpech, and manly contenence.
And he hym tald, as I haiff ſaid befor,
Ye Kyngis deſyr, quhat nedis wordis mor.
Ye hye honour, and ye gret nobilnes
Off your manheid, weyll knawyn in mony place,
Hym likis als weill your worſchipe till awance,
As ze war born a liege man off France;
Sen hys regioun is flour off rewmys ſeyn,
Als ye gret bond off kindnes yow betweyn,
It war worſchip hys preſens for to ſe,
Sen at yis rewme ſtandis in ſic degre.
Wallace conſawyit, withoutyn tarying,
Ye gret deſyr off hys gud nobill King;
Syn till hym ſaid, as God off Hewyn me ſaiff,
Hereftir ſone ze ſall ane anſuer haiff
Off your deſyr, yat ze haiff ſchawit me till,
Welcum ze ar with a fre hartly will.
Ye harrold baid, on to ye twentyeth day,
With Wallace ſtill, in gud weillfayr and play,
Conſumd ye tyme with worſchip and pleſance,
Be gud awyſs maid hys deliuerance;
With hys awne hand he wrait on to ye King
All hys entent, as twyching to yis thing.
Rycht rych reward he gaiff ye herrold to,
And hym conweyde quhen he had leiff to go,
Out off ye town with gudly cumpany;
Hys leyff he tuk, ſyne went on to ye ſe.

Gud

Gud Wallace yan has maid hys prouidance,
Hys purpoſs was to ſe ye King off France,
Treſt in wer to Santt Jhonſtoune couth fayr,
A cunſaill yan he had gart ordand yar.
Intill hys ſted he cheſſyt a Gouernour
To kep ye land, a man off gret walour,
Jamys gud Lord ye Stewart off Scotland,
Quhilk fadyr was as ſtorys ber on hand,
To gud Waltir yat was off hye perage,
Ye Bruce ſyne gat in mariage.
Yaroff to ſpek as now I haiff no ſpace,
It is weyll knawin, thankyt be Godds grace.
And to ye harrold, withoutyn reſidens.
Quho he approchyt to ye Kingis preſens.
Fra ye Rochell ye land ſone has he tayn,
Atour ye lands he graithit hym to gayn,
Sekand ye King, als gudly as he may;
So to ye court he paſſyt on a day,
To Paryſs went, was peirles off renoun,
Ye King yat tyme held palace in yat toun.
Quhen he hym ſaw, graithly has undirſtand,
He ſperyt tithings, and weyllfayr off Scotland.
Ye harrold ſaid, into yir termys ſchort,
Yat all was gud; he had ye mar comfort.
Saw yow Wallace, yat Chyftayne off yat land?
And he ſaid, za, yat I dar tak on hand,
A worthyar yis day lyffand is nayn,
In way off wer, als fer as I haiff gayn.
Ye hie worſchip, and ye gret nobilnes,
Ye gud weyllfayr, pleſande and worthines,

Ye rych reward was mychty for to ſe,
Yat for your ſaik he kythyt apon me;
And hys anſuer in wrytt he has zow ſend.
Ye King reſawit it with a lycht attend,
Yis hie affect and dyt off hys wrytyng.
" O Ryoll Roy, and rychtwyſs crownyt King,
" Yow knaw yis weill, be oyir ma yan me,
" Quhow yat our rewlm ſtandis in perplexite.
" Ye fals natioun, yat we ar nychtbours to,
" Quhen pleſſis yaim, yai mak us ay ado;
" Yar may na band be maid ſufficians,
" Bot ay in it yai fynd a warians.
" To wait a tyme, quhill God yat it may be,
" Within a zer I ſall your preſens ſe."
Off yis anſuer weill pleſyt was ye King.
Leyff I hym yus in ryolte to ryng,
And glaid comfort rycht as I haiff zow tald,
Off Wallace forth I will my proceſs hald.

EXPLICIT LIBER OCTAUUS
ET INCIPIT NONUS.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK IX.

Wallace Fights the Red Reaver—Gets his Pardon from the French King—Paſſes to Guenne to Fight the Engliſh—King Edward invades Scotland—Wallace Returns.

IN Aprill ye ane and twenty day,
Ye hie calend, yus cancer, as we ſay,
Ye luſty tym off Mayus freſche cummyng,
Celeſtiall gret blythnes in to bryng;
Pryncypaill moneth forſuth it may be ſeyn,
Ye Hewynly hewis apon ye tendyr greyne.
Quhen ald ſaturn hys cloudy courſs had gon,
Ye quhilk had beyn baith beſt and burdis bon.
Zepherus ek, with hys ſwete vapour,
He confort has be wyrkyng off natour,
All fruttuouſs thing intill ye erd adoun,
Att rewllyt is undyr he yie regioun.
Sobyr Luna, in flowyng off ye ſe,
Quhen brycht Phebs is in hys chemage.
Ye bulys courſs ſo takin had hys place,

And

And Jupiter was in ye crawis face.
Quhen aryes, yat hot ſyng coloryk,
Into ye ram quhilk had hys rowmys ryk,
He choſyn had hys place and hys manſioun,
In Capricorn, ye ſyng off ye Lyoun.
Gentill Jupiter, with hys myld ordinance,
Bathe erb and tre reuerts in pleſance;
And freſche Flora hyr flowry mantill ſpreid,
In euery waill, bathe hop, hycht, and meide.
Yis ſamyn tyme, for yus myne auctor ſayis,
Wallace to paſs off Scotland tuk hys wayis;
Be ſchort awiſs he ſchup hym to ye ſe,
And fyfte men tuk in hys cumpane.
He leit no word yan walk off hys paſſage,
Or Ingliſmen had ſtoppyt hym hys wiage:
Nor tuk na leiff at ye lordis off ye parlyment,
He wyſt full weyll yai wald nocht all conſent,
To ſuffyr hym out off ye land to go;
For yi onon, withoutyn wordis mo,
He gart forſe, and ordand weill hys ſchip,
And yir war part paſt in hys falowſchip;
Twa Wallace was hys kynnys men full ner,
Craufurd, Kneland was haldyn till hym der.
Off Kyrkcubre he purpoſt hys paſſage,
Semen he feyt and gaiff yaim gudlye wage;
Yai wantyt nocht off wyn, wittaill nor ger,
A fayr new barge rycht worthi wrocht for wer;
With yat yai war a gudlye cumpany,
Off waillit men had wrocht full hardely.
Bonalais drank rycht glaidly in a morow,

Syn

Syn leiff yai tuk, and with Santt Jhon to borow.
Botts was ſchot, and fra ye rock yaim ſent,
With glaid harts, at anys in yai went;
Apon ye ſchip yai rowit haſtely.
Ye ſeymen yan walkand full beſyly,
Ankyrs wand in wyſly on ayir ſyd,
Yair lynys keſt and waytyt weill ye tyd;
Leit ſalys fall, and has yair courſs ynom,
A gud gay wynd out off ye rycht art com.
Freiks in forſtarne rewlit weill yair ger,
Ledys on luff burd, with a lord lik fer.
Lanſys laid out, to yar paſſage ſound.
With full ſayll yus fra Scotland furth yai found,
Salyt our ye day and als ye nycht,
Apon ye morn, quhen ye ſon raiſs brycht,
Ye ſhipmaſter on to ye top he went,
South-eſt he ſaw, yat trublyt hys entent,
Sexteyn ſalis arayit all on raw,
In colour reid, and towart hym couth draw.
Ye glyttyrand ſone apon yaim ſchawit brycht,
Ye ſe about enlumynyt with ye lycht.
Yis mannys ſpreit was in ane extaſy,
Doun went he ſone, and ſaid full ſorowfully,
Allace, quoth he, ye day yat I was born,
Without rameid our lywys ar forlorn,
In curſyt tym I tuk yis cur on hand;
Ye beſt Chyftayne, and reſkew off Scotland,
Our rakleſly I haiff tayn apon me,
With waik power to bryng hym throw ye ſe;
A forſyt nocht, wald God I war torment,

Sa Wallace mycht with worſchip chaip unſehent.
Quhen Wallace ſaw, and hard yis mannys mon,
To confort hym in gud will is he gon.
Maiſter, he ſaid, quhat has amowit ze?
Not for myſelff, yis man ſaid petuiſle,
Bot off a thing I dar weill undirtane,
Yocht all war her ye ſchippis of braid Bertane,
Part ſuld we loſs, ſet fortoun had it ſuorn,
Ye beſt wer man in ſe is us beforn,
Leffand yis day, and king is off ye ſe.
Wallace ſone ſperd, wait you quhat he may be?
Ye Rede Reffayr, yai call hym in his ſtill,
Yat I hym ſaw euyr, waryt worth yat quhill;
For myn awn lyff I wald na murnyng mak,
Is na man born yat zon tyran will tak.
He ſavis nayn, for gold, nor oyir gud,
Bot ſlayis and drownis all derfly in ye flud,
He gets na grace, thocht he war kyng or knycht,
Yir ſexteyn zer he has doyn gret unrycht.
Ye power is ſa ſtrang he has to ſter,
May nayn eſchaip yat cummys in hys danger.
Wald we hym burd, na but is to begyn,
Ye lakeſt ſchip yat is hys flote within
May ſayll us doun on to a dulfull ded.
Yan Wallace ſaid, ſen zou can na ramed,
Tell me hys feyr, and how I ſall hym knaw,
Quhat is hys oyſs, and ſyne go luge ze law.
Ye ſchipman ſayis, rycht weill I may hym ken,
Throuch graith takynnys, full clerly he hys men,
Hys cot armour is ſeyn in mony ſteid,

Ay battaill boun, and rewell ay off reid;
Yis formaiſt ſchip, yat perſewis zow ſa faſt,
Hymſelf is in, he will nocht be agaſt;
He will zow hayll quhen yat he cummys zow ner,
Without tary yan mon ze ſtryk on ſter;
Hymſelf will entir fyrſt full hardely,
Yir ar ye ſyngnys yat ye ſall knaw hym by;
A bar off blew intill hys ſchenand ſcheild,
A bend off greyn deſyren ay ye feild;
Ye rede betakannys blud and hardyment,
Ye greyn, curage, encreſſand hys entent;
Ye blew he bers, becauſs he is a Cryſtyn man,
Sadly agayn Wallace anſuerd yan,
Thocht he be cryſtynyt, yis war na Godlyk deid,
Go undyr loft, Santt Androw mot us ſpeid.
Bathe ſchipmaſtir, and ye ſterman alſo,
In ye holl, but baid, he gert yaim go.
Hys fyftye men withoutyn langar reſt,
Wallace gart ray into yair armour preſt,
Fourty and aucht on luff burd laid yaim law;
Wilzham Crawfurd yan till hym gert he caw,
And ſaid, yow can ſum part off ſchipman fair,
Yi oyſs has beyn oft in ye toune off Ayr,
I pray yow tak yis doctryn off me,
Luk yat yow ſtand ſtrekly be yis tre,
Quhen I byd ſtryk, to ſcheruice be yow bane,
Quhen I ze warn latt draw ye ſaill agane.
Kneland, cuſyng, cum tak ze ſter on hand,
Her on ye waill ner by ye I ſall ſtand,
God gyd our ſchip, as now I ſay na mar.

Ye barge, be yat, with a full warlik far,
Hymſelff on loft with a drawyn ſuerd,
And bad hys ſterman lay yaim langs ye bourd;
On loude he cryit, ſtryk, doggs ſe ſall de.
Crawfurd leit draw ye ſayll a litill we.
Ye Captayne ſone lap in and wald nocht ſtynt.
Wallace on haiſt be ye gorgyt hym hynt,
On ye our loft keſt hym quhar he ſtud,
Quhill neyſs and mouth all ruſchyt out off blud;
A forgyt knyff, but baid, he brads out.
Ye wer ſchippis was lappyt yaim about.
Ye mekill barge had nocht yaim clyppyt faſt,
Crawfurd drew ſaill, ſkewyt by, and off yaim paſt.
Ye Reiffar cryt, with petous woice and cler,
Grace off hys lyff, for hym yat boucht yow der;
Mercy, he ſaid, for hym yat dyit on rud,
Layſer to mend, I haiff ſpilt mekill blud,
For my treſpas I wald mak ſum ramed.
Wallace wyſt weill, yocht he war brocht to ded,
And off hys lyff ſum reſkew mycht he mak,
A bettir purpoſs ſone he can to tak;
And als he rewyt hym, for hys lyff was ill,
In Latyn tong rycht yus he ſaid hym till,
I tuk neuir man, yat enemy was to me,
For Godds ſaik yi lyff I grant to ye.
Bathe knyff and ſuerd he tuk fra hym onon,
Up be ye hand and as priſouner has hym ton,
And on hys ſuerd ſcharplye he gert hym ſuer,
Fra yat day furth he ſuld hym neuyr der.
Commaund yi men, quoth Wallace, till our peſs,

Yat ſchot off gown, yat was nocht eith to ceſs;
Ye caſt it was rycht awfull on ayir ſyd.
Ye Rede Reiffar commaundyt yaim to byd,
Held out a gluff, in takyn off ye trew.
Hys men beheld, and ſone yat ſenze knew,
Left off yair ſchott, yat ſygn quhen yat yai ſaw,
Hys grettaſt barge towart hym he couth draw;
Lat be zour wer, yir ar our freyndis at ane,
I traiſt to God our werſt dayis ar gane.
He aſt Wallace to do quhat was hys will.
With ſchort awiſs rycht yus he ſaid hym till,
For Ingliſmen I wait nocht quhat may aill,
For yar, God will, is our purpoſs to be,
Skour weyll about for ſcoukars in ye ſe.
Hys cummaund yai did in all ye haiſt yai can.
Wallace deſyryt to tak mor with yis man,
Sadly he ſperd, off quhat land was zow born?
Off France, quoth he, and my elders beforn,
And yar we had ſum part off heretage,
Zet fers fortoun yus brocht me in a rage.
Wallace ſperd, how com you into yis lyff?
Forſuth, he ſaid, bot throuch a ſudan ſtryff,
So hapnyt me into ye kings preſens,
Our rakleſly to do our gret offens;
A nobill man, off gud fame and renoune,
Yat throw my deid was put to confuſioune,
Dede off a ſtraik, quhat nedis wordis mor;
All helpyt nocht, yocht I repentyt full ſor.
Throw freyndis off ye court I chapyt off yat place,
And neuir ſen ſyne couth get ye kings grace:

For my ſaik mony off my kyn gert yai de.
And quhen I ſaw it mycht no bettir be,
Bot leiff ye land yat me behuffyt o neid,
Apon a day to Burdeous I zeid;
Ane Inglis ſchip ſa gat I on a nycht,
For ſey lawbour yat ernyſtfully was dycht;
To me yar ſemblyt miſdears and weill mo,
And in ſchort tym we multyplyt ſo,
Yat yar war few our power mycht withſtand.
In tyrranny yus haiff we rongyn lang.
Yis ſexteyn zer I haiff beyn on ye ſe,
And doyn gret harm yarfor full wais me.
I ſawit nayn, for gold nor gret ranſoun,
Bot ſlew and drownyt into ye ſe adoun.
Fawour I did to folk off ſynday land,
Bot Franchmen na freyndſchip with me fand,
Yai gat na grace als for as I mycht ryng;
Als on ye ſe I clypyt was a king.
Now ſee I weyll yat my fortoun is went,
Wincuſt with ane yat gars me fair rapent.
Quha wald haiff ſaid, yis ſamyn day at morn,
I ſuld with ane yus lychtly doun be born,
In gret hething my men it wald haiff tane;
Myſelff trowit till machit mony ane:
Bot I haiff found ye werray playn contrar,
Her I gyff our roubry for euirmar;
In ſic myſrewll I ſall neuir armes ber,
Bot gyff it be in honeſt oyſs to wer.
Now haiff I tald yow part off my blyſs and payn,
For Godds ſaik ſum kyndnes kyth agayn,

My

My hart will brek bot I wait quhat yow be,
Yus outrageouſly yat has rabutyt me;
For weill I wend yat leſſand had beyn nane,
Be forſs off ſtrenth mycht me as priſonour tane,
Except Wallace, yat has rademyt Scotland,
Ye beſt is callyt yis day beltyt with brand;
Intill hys wer war worſchip for to wak,
As now in warld I trew he has no mak.
Yarat he ſmylyt, and ſaid, freind, weill, may be
Scotland had myſt off mony ſic as he.
Quhat is yi nayme, tell me, ſa haiff yow ſeill.
Forſuth, he ſald, Thomas off Longoweill.
Weyll bruk zow it, all yus ſtynts our ſtryff,
Schaip to pleyſs God in mendyng off yi lyff;
Yi faithfull freind myſelff thinkis to be,
And als my nayme I ſall ſone tell to ze;
For chans off wer you ſuld na murnyng mak,
As werd will wyrk, yi fortoun mon zow tak;
I am yat man yat you awanſs ſa hie,
And bot ſchort tyme ſen I come to ye ſe;
Off Scotland born, my rycht nayme is Wallace.
On kneis he fell, and thankyt God off Grace;
I dar awow, yat zoldyn is my hand,
To ye beſt man yat belts hym with brand.
Forſuth, he ſaid, yis blythis me mekill mor,
Yan off Floryng ze gaiff me ſexty ſcor.
Wallace anſuerd, ſen yow ar her throw chance,
My purpoſs is be yis wiage in France;
And to ye king, ſen I am boun to paſs,
To my reward yi peſs I think to aſs.

Peſs I wald haiff off my rychtwyſs king,
And na langar into yat realm to ryng,
Yar to tak lyff, and cum off it agayn,
In yi ſeruice I think for to remayn.
Seruice, he ſaid, Thomas yat may nocht be,
Bot gud freyndſchip, as I deſyr off ye.
Gert draw ye wyn, and ilk man mery maid,
Be yis ye ſchippis was in ye Rochell raid.
Ye rede blaſonys yai had born into wer,
Ye toune was ſone intill a ſudane fer.
Ye Rede Reiffar yai ſaw was at yair hand,
Ye quhilk throw ſtrenth mycht nane agyn hym ſtand.
Sum ſchippis fled, and ſum ye land has tayn,
Clariównys blew, and trumpatts mony ane.
Quhen Wallace ſaw ye pepill was on ſter,
He gaiff commaund na ſchip ſuld ner apper,
Bot hys awin barge into ye hawyn gart draw.
Ye folk was fayn quhen yai yat ſenze ſaw;
Rycht weill yai knew in gold ye red lyoun,
Leit up ye port, reſawit hym in ye toun,
And ſufferyt yaim, for all yat he had brocht.
Ye rede nawyn into yai hawyn yai ſocht,
On land yai went, quhar yai lykyt to paſs.
Rycht few yar wyſt quhat Scottſinan Wallace was;
Bot weyll yai thocht he was a gudly man,
And honoryt hym in all ye craft yai can.
Bot four dayis ſtill Wallace ramaynyt yar,
Yir men he callyt, quhen he was boun to fair,
He yaim cummandyt apon yat coſt to byd,
Quhill he yaim fred for chans at mycht betyd;

Ber yow ewyn, quhat gud yat euir ye ſpend,
Leiff on your awne, quhill tithands I you ſend;
Gar ſell zour ſchippis, and mak yow men off peſs,
It war gud tym off wykkitneſs to ceſs;
Your Captane ſall paſs to ye King with me,
Throw help of God I ſall hys warrand be.
He gart graith hym in ſoit with hys awin men,
Was no man yar yat mycht weyll Thomas ken;
Lykly he was, manlik off contenance,
Lik to ye Scotts, be mekill gowernance,
Saiff off hys tong, for Inglis had he nane,
In Latyn weill he mycht ſuffice for ane.
Yus paſt hys court in all ye haiſt yai may.
To Parys toun yai went apon a day.
Tythings was brocht off Wallace to ye king,
So gret deſyr he had off na kyn thing,
As in yat tym, quhill he had ſeyn Wallace,
To meyt hymſelff he waytyt apon cace,
In a gardyng, quhar he gart yaim be brocht.
Till hys preſens with manly feyr yai ſocht,
Twa and fyfte at anys kneland doun,
And ſaluſt hym as ryoll off maiſt renoun,
With rewllyt ſpech in ſa gudly awyſs,
All Franſe couth nocht nuortour yan dewyſs.
Ye Queyn had leiff, and com into hyr effer,
For mekill ſche herd off Wallace deid in wer.
Quhat nedis mor off curtaſſy to tell,
Yai kepyt weyll yat to ye Scotts befell.
Off Kings fer I dar mak no rahers,
My febill mynd, my trublyt ſpreit rewers;

Off rych ſeruice, quhat nedis wordis mar,
Mycht non be found bot it was preſent yar.
Sone eftir meit ye king to parlour went,
With gudly lords, yar Wallace was preſent.
Yan commound yai off mony ſundry thing,
To ſpek with hym gret deſyr had ye king.
At hym he ſperyt off wer ye gowernance.
He anſuerd hym, with manly contenance,
Till euery poynt, als fer as he had feill,
In Latyn tong rycht naturally and weill.
Ye king conſawit, ſone throw hys hie knawlage,
Quhat wermen oyſſyt be reyff in yar paſſage,
Intill hys mynd ye Rede Reiffar yan was,
Merwell he had quhow he leit Wallace paſs.
Till hym he ſaid, it war ſumthing to blaym,
Ze mycht haiff ſend, be our herrold fra haym,
Eftir power, to bryng yow throw ye ſe.
God thank yow, ſchyr, enewch yaroff had we,
Feill men may paſs, quhar yai fynd na perill,
Rycht few may kep, quhar nayn is to aſſaill.
Wallace, he ſaid, yaroff merwell haiff I,
A tyrand ryngs, in ire full cruelly,
Apon ye ſe yat gret ſorow has wrocht,
Mycht we hym get it ſuld not be for nocht;
Born off yis land, a natyff man to me,
Yarfor on us ye grettar harme dois he.
Yan Thomas quok, and changyt contenans,
He hard ye king hys ewyll deds ewans.
Wallace beheld, and fenzeit in a part,
Forſuth, he ſaid, we fand nane in yat art,

Yat profyrryt us ſic unkindlynes;
Bot with your leiff I ſpek in haymlynes,
Trow ze be ſycht ye couth yat ſquier knaw?
Till lang it war ſen tym yat I hym ſaw;
Bot yir words off hym ar bot in wayn,
Or he com her rycht gud men will be ſlayn.
Yan Wallace ſaid, her I haiff broucht with me,
Off likly men yat was in our countre,
Quhilk off all yir wald ze call hym moſt lyk.
Amang yaim blent yat ryoll Roy moſt ryk,
Weſyt yaim weill, baith ſtatur and curage,
Maner, makdome, yair faſſoun and yair weſage;
Sadly he ſaid, awyſit ſobyrly,
Yat largeſt man, quhilk ſtandis next yow by,
Wald I call hym, be makdome to dewice,
Yir ar nothing bot wordis off office.
Befor ye king on kneis fell gud Wallace.
O Royll Roy, off hie honour and grace,
With waiſt wordis I will nocht you trawaill,
Now I will ſpek ſumthing for myne awaill.
Our barnat land has beyn ourſet with wer,
With Saxonis blud yat dois us mekill der,
Slayn our eldris, deſtroyit our rychtwyſs blud,
Waiſtit our realm off gold and oyir gud;
And ze ar her, in mycht and ryolte,
Yow ſuld haiff ey till our aduerſite,
And us ſupport, throw kyndnes off ye band,
Quhilk is conſchyrwyt betwix yow and Scotland;
As I am her, at your charge, for pleſance,
My lyflat is bot honeſt chewyſance.

Flour off realmys forſuth is yis regioun,
To my reward I wald haiff gret gardoun.
Wallace, he ſaid, now aſk quhat ze wald haiff.
Gud gold or land ſall nocht be lang to craiff.
Wallace anſuerd, ſo ze it grant to me
Quhat I wald haiff, it ſall ſone choſyn be.
Quhateuir ze aſk, yat is in yis regioun,
Ze ſall it haiff, except my wyff and ye croun.
He thankyt hym off hys gret kyndlynes.
My reward all ſall be aſkyng off grace,
Peſs to yis man I broucht with me throw chance,
Her I quyt cleyn all oyir gyfftis in France;
Yis ſamyn is he, gyff ze knaw hym weill,
Yat we off ſpak, Thomas off Longaweill;
Be rygour ze deſyryt he ſuld be ſlayn,
I hym reſtor into your grace agayn,
Reſaiff hym fayr, as leige man off your land.
Ye king marweld, and couth in ſtudy ſtand,
Perfytly knew yat it was Longaweill,
He hym forgaiff hys treſpas euir ilk deill,
Bot for hys ſaik yat hyddyr brocht;
For gold or land, ellis he gat it nocht.
Wallace he ſaid, I had leuir off gud land,
Thre hundreth pund haiff ſeſyt in yi hand,
Yat I haiff ſaid ſall be grantyt in plain,
Her I reſtor Thomas to peſs agayn,
Derer to me yan euyr he was befor,
All for zour ſaik, yocht it war mekill mor:
Bot I wald wytt quhow yat merwell befell.
Wallace anſuerd, ye trewth I ſall yow tell.

Yan

Yan he raherſyt quhat hapnyt on yat day,
As ze befor in my autor hard ſay.
Quhen ye gud king had herd yis ſudan caſs,
Apon ye ſe ye forſycht off Wallace,
Ye king hym held rycht worthi till awans,
He ſaw in hym manheid and gouernans;
So did ye Queyn, and all yir oyir Lordis,
Ilk wycht off hym gret honour yan recordis.
He purcheſt peſs, for all ye power haill,
Fyfteyn hundreth was left in ye Rochaill;
Gert cry yaim fre, trew ſchyrwandis to ye king,
And neuir agayn fantyt in ſic thing.
Quhen Thomas was reſtoryt to hys rycht,
Off hys awin hand ye king has maid hym knycht.
Eſtir he gaiff ſtayt to hys nereſt ayr,
And maid hymſelff with Wallace for to fayr.
Yus he was brocht fra naym off Reyff, throw cace,
Be ſudand chans off hym and wycht Wallace.
Yus leyff I yaim in worſchipe and pleſance,
At liking with ye gud king off France.
Yar threty dayis he lugyt into reſt,
Sa to ramayn he thocht it nocht ye beſt;
Still into peſs he couth nocht lang endur,
Uncorduall it was till hys natur.
Rycht weill he wyſt Ingliſmen occupyit
Guane yat tym, yarfor he has aſpyit
Sum jeperte apon yaim for to mak.
A gudly leyff he at ye king couth tak.
Off Franchmen he wald nayne with hym call,
At ye fyrſt tym for awentur mycht fall;

Bot Schyr Thomas yat ſeruice couth perſew,
He wyſt nocht weill gyff all ye laiff was trew.
Off Scotts men yai ſemblyt haiſtyely
Nyne hundreth ſone off worthi chewalry.
In Gyan land full haiſtely couth ryd,
Raiſſyt feill fyr, and waiſtyt wonnyngs wyd;
Fortraſs yai brak, and ſtalwart byggyngs wan,
Derſly to dede brocht mony Sothroune man.
A werlik toune ſa fand yai in yat land,
Quhilk Schenoun hecht, yat Ingliſmen had in hand.
Towart yat ſteid full ſadly Wallace wrocht,
Be ony wyſs aſſailze gyff he mocht,
Bargane till haiff gyff he mycht get yaim out.
Get ſtrenth off wode yat tyme was yar about;
Ye toun als ſtud apon a wattir ſyd.
Intill a park, yat was bath lang and wyd,
Yai buſchyt yaim, quhill paſt was ye nycht.
Quhen ye ſone raiſs, four hundreth men he dycht;
Ye laiff he gert Crawford in buſchment tak,
Gyff yai myſterd, a reſkew for to mak.
Yan Longaweill, yat ay was full ſawage,
With Wallace paſt, as ane to yat ſcrymage.
Yir four hundreth rycht wondyr weill arayit,
Befor ye toune ye playn Baner diſplayit.
Yis was not to yaim weyll knawyn in yat contre,
Ye lyoun in gold rycht awfull for to ſe.
A forray keſt, and ſeſyt mekill gud.
Wermen within, yat playnly undirſtud,
Son uſhyt forth ye pray for to reſkew.
Ye worthi Scotts feill Ingliſmen yai ſlew;

Ye

Ye laiff for dreid fled to ye toune agayn.
Ye forray tuk ye pray, and paſt ye playn,
Towart ye park bot power off ye toun,
Uſchyt agayn in awfull battaill boun,
A thouſand haill with men off armys ſtrang,
Few baid yarin yat mycht to Bargane gang.
Yan Wallace gert ye ferreours leyff ye pray,
Aſſemblyt ſone intill a gud aray.
A cruell counter at yat metyng was ſeyn,
Off wycht wer men into yair armour cleyn.
Feill loſſyt yair lyff apon ye Sothroune ſyd,
Bot nocht for yi rycht bauldly yai abyd.
Off ye Scotts part worthi men yai flew.
Wilzham Crawfurd, yat weyll ye perill knew,
Out off ye park he gert ye buſchement paſs,
Into ye feild quhar feyll men fechtand was,
At yair entre yai gart full mony de.
Ye Ingliſmen was wondyr laith to fle;
Full worthely yai wrocht into yat place,
Baid neuir ſa few ſo lang agayne Wallace,
With ſic power as he yat day was yar.
On ayir ſyd affailzeit ferly ſayr.
In to ye ſtour ſo fellounly yai wrocht,
Rycht worthi men derfly to dede yai brocht;
With poynts perſyt throch plats burnyſt brycht.
Wallace hymſelff, and gud Thomas knycht,
Quhom yat yai hyt maid neuir mar debait.
Ye Sothroune part was handlyt yar full hayt.
Into yat place yai mycht na langar byd,
Out off ye feild with ſar harts yai ryd;

On to ye toune yai fled full haiftely.
Wallace folowit, and hys gud chewalry,
Fechtand ſo faſt into yat thykkeſt thrang,
Quhill in ye toun he entryt yaim amang;
With hym Crawfurd, and Longaweill off mycht,
And Rychard als, Wallace hys cuſyng wycht;
Fyfteyn yai war off Scotts cumpany,
Yus hapnyt yai amang ye gret party.
A cruell portar gat apon ye wall,
Powit out a pyn, ye portculys leit fall.
Ingliſmen ſaw yat entryt was na ma,
Apon ye Scotts full hardely yai ga:
Bot till a wall yai haiff yair bakks ſet,
Sad ſtrakys and ſayr bauldly about yaim ſet.
Rychard Wallace ye turngreis weill has ſeyn,
He folowit faſt apon ye portar keyn,
Atour ye wall deid in ye dyk hym draiff,
Tuk up ye port, and leit in all ye laiff.
Quhen Wallace men had yus ye entre won,
Full gret ſlawchtyr agayn yai haiff begon;
Yai ſavit nayne apon ye Sothroune ſyd,
Yat wappynys bar, or harnes in yat tyd;
Wemen and barnys ye gud yai tuk yaim fra,
Syne gaiff yaim leyff into realm to ga;
And preyſts, als yat war nocht in ye feild:
Off agyt men, quhilk mycht na wappynys weild
Yai ſlew nayn fic, ſo Wallace charge was,
Bot maid yaim fre, at yair large to paſs.
Ryches off gold yai gat in gret plente,
Harnes and horſs, yat mycht yaim weill ſupple.

With

With Franch folk plenyſt ye toune agayn,
On ye tenth day ye feild yai tuk in playn;
Ye riwer doun into ye land yai ſocht,
On Sothroune men full mekill maiſter yai wrocht.
Quhen to ye king trew men had tald yis taill,
Off Franchmen yai ſemblyt a battaill;
Twentye thouſand, lele leg's off France,
Hys broyir yaim led was Duk off Orleance;
Throw Gyan land in rayid battaill yai raid,
To folow Wallace, and maid bot litill baid
For Franch ſupple, to help yaim in yair rycht,
Ner Burdeous, or yai ourtuk hym mycht,
Gud Wallace was, and Thomas had in playn;
For ſum men tald, yat Burdeous with gret mayn,
Within ſchort tym thoucht battaill for to gyff:
Bot fra yai wyſt yat Franch folk couth raleiff,
With gret power with helpyng off Wallace,
Uthyr purpoſs yai tuk into ſchort ſpace.
In Pykarte ſone meſſage yai couth ſend,
Off Wallace com yai tauld it till ane end.
Off Gloſyſtir, Captayne off Calyſs was,
Ye hardy Erle, and maid hym for to paſs
In Ingland ſone, and ſyne to London went,
Off Wallace deid he tald in ye parlyment.
Sum playnly, yat Wallace brak ye peſs.
Wyſs men ſaid, nay, and prayit yaim for to ceſs.
Lord Bowmont ſaid he tuk bot for Scotland
And nocht for France, yat ſall ze undyrſtand,
Gyff our indentour ſpekis for ony mair,
He has doyn wrang, ye ſuth ye may declair.

Wodſtok anſuerd, ſchyr, ze haiff ſpokyn weill,
Bot contrar reſoune yat taill is euir ilk deill:
Gyff zow be he yat band for hym and hys,
May na man ſay bot he has wrocht amyſs,
For pryncipaly he band with us ye trew,
And now agayne begynnys a malice new.
Schyr, king, he ſaid, gyff ze think euir to mak
On Scotland wer, on hand now zow ſall tak,
Quhill he is out, or ellis it helpis nocht.
As Wodſtok ſaid, ye haill conſaill has wrocht;
Power yai rayſſit on Scotland for to ryd,
Be land and ſe yai wald na langar byd.
Yair land oft yai rayit weill in deid;
Yair wantgard tuk ye hardy Erle to leid
Off Glofyſtir, yat off wer had gret feill;
Off Longcaſtell ye Duk demanyt weill
Ye mydillward; on to ye ſe yai ſend
Schyr Jhone Sewart, yat weill ye north land kend.
Ye Knycht Wallang befor ye oft in raid,
In ſic a way with ewyll Scotts men he maid,
Mony caſtells he gert ſone zoldin be
Till Ingliſmen, withoutyn mar melle.
Or ye beſt wyſt, yat it was wer in playn,
Schyr Jhon Sewart, yat com in be ye ſe,
Santt Jhonſtoune ſone gat be a jeperte.
Dunde yai tuk, and put Scottſmen to dede;
In Fyff fra yaim was nocht kepyt a ſted;
And all ye ſouth, fra Cheuyot to ye ſe;
Into ye weſt yar mycht na ſuccour be;
Ye worthi Lord, yat ſuld haiff gouernyt yis,

God

God had hym tayn, we trow in leſtand bliſs;
Hys ſon Waltir, yat bot a child yan was,
Trew men hym tuk, and couth in Arrane paſs.
Adam Wallace yan wyſt off no ſupple,
Till Rawchle went, and Lindſay off Cragge;
Gud Robert Boid maid no reſidens;
For haiſty deſait, yai tuk yaim to defens.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme in Dundaff mycht not byd,
Succour he ſocht into ye foreſt off Clid.
Ye Knycht Sewart, a ſchirreff maid in Fyff
Schyr Amer Brim, and gaiff for term off lyff,
Ye lands haill yat Wallang aucht befor.
Richard Lundy had gret dreid off yair ſchoyr;
He likyt nocht for to cum to yair peſs,
For yis in Fyff yai wald nocht lat hym ceſs;
To paſs our Tay as yan it mycht nocht be,
For Inglifmen ſo rewllyt yat cuntre
Out off ye land he ſtaw away be nycht,
Auchtand with hym yat worthi war and wycht;
And als hys ſone, yat was off tendyr eild,
Bot eftir ſone he couth weill wapynnys weild.
At Stirlyng Bryg, quharat ye wach was ſet,
Yar paſſyt he away withoutyn let.
In Dundaff mur Schyr Jhon ye Grayme he ſocht;
A woman tald as yan befor has wrocht;
And till a ſtrenth he drew hym on ye morn.
Laynrik was tayn with zong Thomas off Thorn,
Sa Lundy yar mycht mak na langar ramayn,
Be ſouth Tynto lugis yai maid in playn.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme gat wyt yat he was yar,

Till hym he paſt withoutyn wordis mar.
Wallang gart bryng fra Carlele cariage,
To ſtuff Bothwell with wyn and gud warnage.
Lundy and Grayme gat wytt off yat awaill,
Rycht ſudanly yai maid yaim till affaill;
Fyftye yai war off nobill chewalry,
Agayn four ſcor off Inglis cumpany.
Ane Skelton yan kepyt ye cariage,
A brankſtewat yat was hys heretage.
Lundy and Grayme met with ye ſquier wycht,
Feill Inglifmen to dede derſly yai dycht.
Sexte was ſlayn apon ye toyir ſid,
And fyffe off Scotts, ſo bauldly yai abid.
Gret gud yai wan, bathe gold and oyir ger,
Wittayll and horſs yat hapnyt in yat wer.
Sen yai haiff ſeyn weill lang yai mycht not left
On to yat land, yarfor yai thocht it beſt,
To ſeik ſum place, in ſtrenth yat yai mycht bid,
For Sothroune men had plenyſt on ilk ſid.
Lundies luge yai left apon a nycht,
In ye Lennox ye way yai paſſyt rycht
Till Erle Malcom, yat kepyt yat contre
Fra Inglifmen, with help off yair ſupple
Cetoun and Lyll into ye baſs yai baid;
For Sothroune folk ſo gret maſtryſs had maid,
Yat all ye ſouth was tayn into yar hand.
And Hew ye Hay was ſend into Ingland,
And oyir ayrs to preſoune at yair will.
To northland lordis ſaw no help cum yaim till,
A ſquier Guthre amang yaim ordand yai,

To

To warn Wallace in all ye haiſt he may.
Out off Arbroth he paſſyt to ye ſe.
And at ye ſlus ſone takyn land had he;
In Flandrys land no reſidens he maid,
In France he paſt, bot Wallace weyll abaid
On hys purpoſs in Gyan at ye wer,
On Sothroune men he had doyn mekill der.
Quhill gud Guthre had gottyn hys preſens,
He haiſtyt hym, ſone and maid no reſidens;
He has hym tald, with Scotland how it ſtud.
Yan Wallace ſaid, yi tithyngs ar nocht gud,
I had exampill off tym yat is by worn,
Trewys not to bynd with yaim yat was maynſuorn:
Bot I as yan couth nocht think on ſic thing,
Becauſs yat we tuk yis peſs with yair King.
Be yair Chanſlar ye toyir peſs was bun,
And yat full ſair our forfadris has fun;
Undyr yat trew auctand ſcor yai gert de,
At noblis war, ye beſt in our cuntre.
To ye gret God my wow now her I mak,
Peſs with ye King I thing neuir for to tak,
He ſall repent, yat yai yis wer began.
Yus mowit he, with mony ryoll man,
On to ye King, and tald hym hys entent.
Till lat hym paſs ye King wald nocht conſent,
Quhill yar maid promyſs be hys hand,
Gyff euir agayn he thocht to leyff Scotland,
To cum till hym; hys gret ſeyll he hym gaiff
Off quhat Lordſchip yat he likyt to haiff.
Yus at ye King haiſty leyff tuk he.

Na ma with hym he brocht off yat cuntre,
Bot hys awin men, and Schyr Thomas ye Knycht.
In Flawndrys land yai paſt with all yair mycht.
Guthreis barge was at ye flus left ſtyll,
To ſe yai went with a full egyr wyll.
Bath Forth and Tay yai left and paſſit by
On ye north coſt, Guthre was yair gy.
In Munroſs hawyn yai brocht hym to ye land,
Till trew Scotts it was a blyth tithand.
Schyr Jhon Ramſay, yat worthi was and wycht,
Fra Ochtyrhouſs ye way he cheſyt rycht,
To meite Wallace with men off armes ſtrang;
Off hys duellyng yai had thocht wondyr lang.
Ye trew Ruwan come als withoutyn baid,
In Barnan wode he had hys lugyng maid.
Barkla be yat to Wallace ſemblyt faſt,
With thre hundreth to Ochtyr-houſs he paſt.
Le letrir day off Auguſt fell yis cace,
For ye reſkew, yus ordanyt wycht Wallace,
Off Santt Jhonſtoune yat Sothroune occupyit;
Faſt towart Tay yai paſſit and aſpyit,
Out off ye toun, as Scottſmen till hym ſaid,
Or it was day undyr Kinnowll yaim laid,
Yat ſerwandys oyſyt with carts hay to leid,
So was it ſuth, and hapnyt into deid;
Sax ſum yar com, and brocht bot carts thre.
Quhen yai off hay was ladand moſt byſſe,
Guthre with ten in handys has yaim tayn,
Put yaim to dede, off yaim he ſawyt nayn.
Wallace gart tak in haiſt yar himeſt weid,

And ſic lik men yai waillyt with gud ſpeid;
Four war rycht rud, Wallace hymſelff tuk ane,
A ruſſyt clok, and with hym gud Ruwane,
Guthrie, with yat and als gud zemen twa,
In yat ilk ſoit yai graithit yaim to ga.
Full ſutelly yai coueryt yaim with hay,
Syne to ye toun yai went ye gayneſt way.
Fyfteyn yai tuk off men in armes wycht,
In ilk cart fyffe yai ordanyt out off ſycht;
Yir cartars had ſchort ſuerds, off gud ſteill,
Undyr yair weids, callyt furth ye carts weill.
Schyr Jhon Ramſay baid with a buſchement ſtill
Quhen myſtir war to help yaim with gud will.
Yir trew cartars paſt withoutyn lett,
Atour ye bryg, and entryt throw ye zet;
Quhen yai war in, yair clokis keſt yaim fra,
Gud Wallace yan ye mayſtir portar can ta.
Apon he hed, quhill ded he has hym left,
Syne oyir twa ye lyff fra yaim has reft.
Guthrie, be yat, did rycht weill in ye toun,
And Ruwan als dang off yai famen doun.
Ye armyt men, was in ye carts brocht,
Raiſs up and weill yair dewory has wrocht;
Apon ye gait yai gert ſeill Sothroune de.
Ye Ramſais ſpy has ſeyn get entre.
Ye buſchement brak, bath bryg and port has won,
Into ye toun gret ſtryff yar was begon.
Yai twentye men, or Ramſay come in playn,
Within ye toun had ſexty Sothroune ſlayn.
Ye Ingliſmen on till aray was gayn,

Ye Scotts as yan layſer lett yaim get nayn;
Fra gud Ramſay with hys men entryt in,
Yai ſawit nayn was born off Inglis kyn.
Als Longaweill, ye wycht Knycht Schyr Thomas,
Prowyt weill yan and in, mony oyir place;
Agayn hys dynt few Ingliſmen mycht ſtand,
Wallace with hym gret faith and kyndnes fand.
Ye Sothroune pàrt ſaw weill ye toun was tynt,
Freſchly yai ferd, as fyr dois out off flynt.
Sum fled, ſum fell into draw dykis deip,
Sum to ye kyrk, yair lyffs giff yai mycht keip;
Sum fled to Tay, and in ſmall weſchell zeid,
Sum derfly deit and drownyt in yat ſteid.
Schyr Jhon Sewart at ye weſt port outpaſt,
Till Meffen wod he ſped hym wondyr faſt.
A hundreth men ye kyrk tuk for ſuccour,
Bot Wallace wald no Grace grant in yat hour.
He ſlay bad all off cruell Sothroune keyn;
And ſaid yai had to Santt Jhonſtoune enymyſs beyn.
Four hundreth men into ye toun war dede,
Sewyn ſcor with lyff chapyt out off yat ſted.
Wyffs and barnys yai maid yaim fre to ga,
With Wallace wyll he wall ſla nayn off ya.
Ryches yai fand, yat Ingliſmen had brocht new,
Syne plenyſt ye toun with worthi Scotts trew.
Schyr Jhon Sewart left Meffen foreſt ſtrang,
Went to ye Gaſk with feyll Sothroune amang;
And ſyne in Fyff, quhar Wallang ſcherriff was,
Send carrours ſone out throuch ye land to paſs,
And gadryt men a ſtalwart cumpany;

Till

Till Ardargan he drew yaim priwaly,
Ordand yaim in bargan reddy boun;
Agayn he thocht to failze Santt Jhonſtoun,
Quhar Wallace lay, and wald na langar reſt,
Rewllyt ye toun as yat hym lykit beſt.
Schyr Jhon Ramſay gret Captane ordand he,
Ruwan ſchirreff, at ane accord for to be.
Yis charge he gaiff, gyff men yaim warnyng maid.
To cum till hym withoutyn mor abaid;
And ſo yai did, quhen tithings was yaim brocht.
With a hundreth Wallace furth fra yaim ſocht.
To Fyff he paſt, to weſy yat cuntre,
Bot wrang warnyt off Ingliſmnan was he.
Schyr Jhon Sewart, quhen yai war paſſyt by,
Fra he Ochell he ſped hym haiſtely;
Upon Wallace folowit in all hys mycht,
In Abyrnethy tuk lugyng yat fyrſt nycht.
Apon ye morn, with fyfeteyn hundreth men,
Till Blak Irnſyde hys gydys couth yaim ken;
Yar Wallace was, and mycht na meſſage ſend
Till Santt Jhoneſtoune, till mak yis jornay kend;
For Ingliſmen, yat full ſuttell has beyn,
Gart wachis walk, yat nayn mycht paſs betweyn.
Yan Wallace ſaid, yis mater payis nocht me.
He cald till hym ye ſquier gud Guthre,
And beſet als, yat knew full weill ye land,
And aſt at yaim quhat deid was beſt on hand,
Meſſage to mak, our power for to get,
With Sothroune ſone we ſall be undirſet;
And wykkyt Scotts, yat knawis yis forreſt beſt,

Yai ar ye cauſs yat we may haiff no reſt;
I dred fer mar Wallang, yat is yair gyd,
Yan all ye laiff yat cummys on yat ſyd.
Yan Guthre ſaid, mycht we get ane or tway,
To Santt Jhonſtoune it war ye gayneſt way,
And warn Ramſay, we wald get ſuccour ſone:
Ourſuth it is, it cannot now be don:
Rycht weyll I wait weſchell is lewyt nayn,
Fra ye Wode hawyn, to ye ferry cald Aran.
Yan Wallace ſaid, ye wattir cald it is,
Myſelff can ſwym, I trow, and ſall na myſs;
Bot currourſs oyſs yat gaynys nocht for me,
And I leyff zow her, zet had I leuir de:
Throw Godds Grace we ſall bettir eſchew,
Ye ſtrenth is ſtark, als we haiff men enew;
In Elchoch park, bot fourty yar war we,
For ſewyn hundreth, and gert feill Sothroune de;
And chapyt weill in mony unlikly place,
So ſall we her throw help off Goddis Grace:
Quhill men may faſt, yir wodds we may hald ſtill;
For yi, ilk man be off trew hardy will,
And at we do ſo nobill into deid,
Off us be found no lak eftir to reid:
Ye rycht is ours, we ſuld mor ardent be,
I think to freith yis land, or ellis de.
Hys waillyt ſpech, with witt and hardyment,
Maid all ye layff ſo cruell of entent,
Sum baid tak feild, and gyff battaill in playn.
Wallace ſaid, nay, yi wordis ar in wayn,
We will nocht leyff yat may be our wantage,

Ye

Ye wode till us is worth a zers wage.
Off hewyn temyr in haiſt he gert yaim tak,
Syllys off ayk, and a ſtark barres mak,
At a foyr frount, faſt in ye foreſt ſyd,
A full gret ſtrenth, quhar yai purpoſt to byd,
Stellyt yaim faſt till treis yat growand was,
Yat yai mycht weyll in fra ye barres paſs,
And ſo weill graithit, on ayir ſyd about,
Syn com agayn, quhen yai ſaw yaim in dout.
Be yat ye ſtrenth arayit was at rycht,
Ye Inglis oft approchit to yair ſycht.
Yan Sewart com, yat way for till haiff wend,
As yai war wount, ſa hys gydis yai kend.
At yat entre yai thocht to haiff paſſage,
Bot ſone yai fand yat maid yaim gret ſtoppage.
A thouſand he led off men in armęs ſtrang,
With fyffe hundreth he gert Jhon Wallang gang
Without ye wode, yat nane fuld paſs yaim fra.
Wallace with hym had fourty archars thra,
Ye layff was ſpers, full nobill in a neid,
On yair enymyſs yai bykkyr with gud ſpeid.
A cruell cuntyr was at ye barres ſeyn.
Ye Scotts Defens ſo ſekyr was and keyn,
Sothroune ſtud aw to enter yaim amang;
Feill to ye ground yai ourthrew in yat thrang.
A rowm was left, quhar part in frount mycht fayr,
Quha entryt in, agayn zeid neuir mayr.
Fourty yai flew, yat formaſt wald haiff paſt.
All diſarayit ye oft was, and agaſt;
And part off horſs throw ſchot to dede was brocht,

Brak to a playn, ye Sothroune fra yaim ſocht.
Ye Sewart ſaid, allace, how yis be,
And do no harm, our gret rabut haiff we;
He tald Wallang, and aſkyt hys cunſaill,
Schyrreff yow art, quhat may be our awaill?
Bot few yai ar yat makis yis gret debait.
Jhon Wallang ſaid, yis is ye beſt I wait,
To ceſs hereoff, and remayn her beſyd,
For yai may nocht lang in yis foreſt byd
For fawt off fud, yai mon in ye contre;
Yan war mar tyme on yaim to mak melle:
Or yai be won be fors, into yis ſtryff
Feill at ze leid ſall erar loſs ye lyff.
Yan Sewart ſaid, yis reid I will nocht tak,
And Scotts be warnyt, reſkew ſone will yai mak;
Off yis diſpyt amendys I think to haiff,
Or de yarfor in nowmyr with ye laiff;
In till a rang myſelff on fut will fayr.
Aucht hundreth he tuk off liklyaſt yat was yar;
Syne bad ye layff bid at ye barres ſtill
With Jhon Wallang, to rewll yaim at hys will.
Wallang, he ſaid, be forthwart in yis cace,
In ſic a ſwar we couth nocht get Wallace,
Tak hym or ſla; I promeſs ze be my lyff,
Yat King Edwarde ſall mak yow Erle off Fyff;
At zon eſt part we think to enter in,
I bid no mar, mycht ze yis barreſs wyn;
Fra yai be cloſyt graithly amang us ſa,
Bot merwill be yai ſall na ferrar ga;
Aſſailze ſayr, quhen ze witt we cum ner,

On ayir ſyd we ſall hald yaim on ſter.
Yus ſemblyt yai apon ane awfull wyſs.
Wallace has ſeyn quhat was yair haill dewyſs.
Gud men, he ſaid, undirſtud ze yis deid,
Forſuth yai ar rycht mekill for to dreid;
Zon Sewart is a nobill worthi Knycht,
Forthwart in wer, rycht worthi, wyſs and wycht;
Hys aſſailze he ordannys wondyr ſayr
Us for to harm, no mannys wit can do mar;
Pleſand it is to ſe a Chyftayne ga
So Chyftanlik, it ſuld recomfort ma
Till hys awn men, and yai off worſchip be,
Yan for to ſe ten thouſand cowarts fle:
Sen we ar ſtad with enymyſs on ilk ſyd,
And her on fors mon in yis foreſt byd,
Yan fray ye fyrſt, for Godds ſaik, cruellye.
Crawfurd he left, and Longaweill ye Knycht,
Fourty with yaim, to kepe ye barres wycht;
With hym ſexte off worthi men in weid,
To meit Sewart with hardy will yai zeid.
A maner dyk into yat wode was maid,
Off Thuortour ryſs, quhar bauldly yai abaid;
A downwart ye Sothroune to yaim had.
Sone ſemblyt yai with ſtrakis ſar and ſad:
Scharp ſperys faſt duſchand on ayir ſyd,
Throw byrnys brycht maid woundys deip and wid.
Yis wantage was, ye Scotts yaim dantyt ſwa,
Nayn Ingliſmen durſt fra hys feris ga,
To brek aray, or formaſt entyr in.
Off Cryſtin blud to ſe it was gret ſin,

For wrangwyfs caufs, and has beyn mony day.
Feyll Ingliſmen in ye dyk deid yai lay.
Speris full ſone all into ſplyndrys ſprang,
With ſcharp ſuerdys yai hew in yat thrang;
Blud byrſtyt out throw fyn harnes off maill.
Jhon Wallang als full ſcharply can affaill
Apon Crawfurd, and ye Knycht Longaweill,
At yar power kepyt ye barres weill,
Maid gud defens, be wyt, manheid and mycht,
At ye entre feill men to dede yai dycht.
Yus all at anys affailzeit in yat place,
Nayn yat was yar durſt turn fra ye barrace
To help Wallace, nor nayn off hys durſt paſs
To reſkew yaim ſo feyll ye fechtyng was;
At ayir ward handelyt yaim full hat,
Bot do or de na ſuccour ellis yai wayt.
Wallace was ſtad into yat ſtalwart ſtour,
Guthre, beſat, with men off gret walour,
Rychard Wallace, yat worthi was off hand.
Sewart merwellyt, yat contrar yaim mycht ſtand,
Yat euyr ſa few mycht byd in battaill place,
Agaynys yaim, metyng face for face;
He thocht hymſelff to end yat mater weill,
Faſt preſſyt in with a gud ſuerd off ſteill,
Into ye dyk a Scottſman gert he de.
Wallace yaroff in hart had gret pyte;
Amendis till haiff he folowyt on hym faſt,
But Ingliſmen ſa thik betwex yaim paſt,
Yat apon hym a ſtrak get mycht he nocht,
Oyir worthys derfly to dede he brocht.

Sloppys yai maid throw all ye chewalry,
Ye worthi Scotts yai wrocht ſa worthely.
Yan Sothroune ſa off yair gud men ſad reſt,
Langar to byd yai thocht it nocht ye beſt.
Four ſcor was ſlayn, or yai wald leiff yat ſteid,
And fyftye als was at ye barrace deid.
A trumpet blew, and fra ye wode yai draw;
Wallang left off, yat fycht fra yat he ſaw.
To failze mar yaim thocht it was na ſpeid,
Without ye wode to cunſaill ſone yai zeid.
Ye worthi Scotts till reſt yaim was full fayn,
Feill hurts had, bot few off yaim was ſlayn.
Wallace yaim bad off all gud comfort be,
Thankyt be God, ye fayrer part haiff we;
Zon Knycht Sewart has at gret jornay beyn,
Sa fair affay I haiff bot ſeildyn ſeyn,
I had leuir off Wallang wrokyn be,
Yan ony man yat is off zon menzhe.
Ye Scotts all on to ye barreſs zeid,
Stanchit wounds, yat couth full braithly bleid.
Part Scotts men had bled full mekill blud,
For fawt off drynk, and als wantyng off fud,
Sum feblyt faſt yat had feill hurts yar.
Wallace yarfor ſichit with hart full ſar.
A hat he hynt, to get wattir is gayn,
Oyir refut as yan he wyſt off nayn;
A litill ſtrand he fand, yat ryn hym by,
Off cler wattir, he brocht haboundandly,
And drank hymſelff, ſyn ſaid, with ſobyr mud,
Ye wyn off France me thocht not half ſo gud.

Yan off ye day thre quartars was went.
Schyr Jhon Sewart has caſtyn in hys entent,
To ſailze mar as yan he couth nocht preiff,
Quhill on ye morn yat mar men couth raleiff,
And kep yaim in, quhill yai, for hungyr for,
Cum in hys will, or ellis de yarfor.
Wallang, he ſaid, I charge you for to byd,
And kep yaim in, I will to Coupar ryd;
You ſall remayn, with fyffe hundreth at yi will,
And I ye morn ſall com with power ye till.
Jhon Wallang ſaid, yis charge I forſaik,
Eftir yis day all nycht I may nocht waik;
For, traſts weyll, yai will iſche to ye playn,
Yocht ze byd, or ellis de in ye payn.
Sewart bad hym byd, undyr ye blaym,
I ye cummaund on gud King Edwards naym.
Or yar to God a wow I mak beforn,
And yai brek out, to hyng yow heych to morn.
Off yat cummaund Jhon Wallang had gret dreid;
Sewart went fra yaim with nyne ſcor into deid
Next hand ye wode, and hys gud men off Fyff,
Yat with hym baid in all term off yair lyff.
Wallace drew ner, hys tyme quhen yat he ſaw,
To ye wode ſyd, and couth on Wallang caw,
Zon Knycht to morn, has hecht to hyng ye hie,
Cum in till us, I ſall yi warrand be,
In contrar hym, and all King Edwards mycht,
Tak we hym quyk, I ſall hym hyng on hycht;
And gud Lordſchip I ſall gyff yow hereft
In yis ilk land, yat yi brodyr has left.

Wallang

Wallang was wyſs, full ſone can underſtand,
Be lyklynes Wallace ſuld wyn ye land,
And bettir hym war into ye rycht to byd,
Yan be in wer apon ye Sothroune ſyd.
With ſchort wyſment to Wallace in yai ſocht.
Yan Sewart cryt, and ſaid, yat beis for nocht,
And fals off kynd yow art in heretage,
Edwarde on ye has waryt ewill gret wage;
Her I ſall byd, my purpoſs to fulfill,
Oyir to de, or haiff ye at my will.
For all hys ſpech to paſs he wald nocht ſpar;
With full glaid hart Wallace reſawit yaim yar.
Be yat, Ruwan and Ramſay off renoun,
Be a trew Scott, yat paſt to Santt Jhonſtoun,
Yaim warnyng maid, yat Sewart folowit faſt
Apon Wallace yan war yai ſar agaſt;
Out off ye toun yai uſchyt with all yair mycht,
With thre hundreth, yat worthi war and wycht;
To Blak Irnſide aſſemblyt in yat place,
As Wallang was gane into gud Wallace.
Ye Knycht Sewart has weill yair cummyng ſeyn,
A fayr playn feild he cheſyt yaim betweyn.
Elewyn hundreth and four ſcor yan had he;
Ye Scottſmen war ſex hundreth and ſexte.
Yai war bot few, a playn feild for to tak.
Out off ye wode gud Wallace can yaim mak;
He wyſt nathing off yaim yat cummyng was,
Mar hardyment was fra ye ſtrenth to paſs:
Bot quhan yai hard Ruwan and Ramſay cry,
Off Ochtyrhouſs blyth was yat chewalry;

Mycht yai off gold haiff brocht a kings rent,
To gud Wallace mycht nocht ſo weill content.
Yan till aray yai zeid on ayir ſyd,
In cruell ire, in battaill bown to byd.
Worthear men yan Sewart ſemblyt yar,
In all hys tym, Edwarde had neuir mar.
Bot Sewart ſaw hys nowmyr was fer ma,
Hys power ſone he gert dewyd in twa;
To fecht at anys, rycht Knycht lik he yaim kend,
In yat jornay oyir to wyn or end.
Ye worthi Scotts ruſchyt on yaim in gret ire,
With cruell ſtrakis, yat flamyt fers as fyr.
Wallace and hys, als Sothroune yat was yar,
Fell ſpers had, for feyll fechtand and ſar
Into ye wode at ſailze all ye day:
Bot new cummyn men weill waillit ſpers had yai;
Into ye ſtour yai gert feill Sothroune de,
Yair cruell deid gret marwell was to ſe.
Yai worthi Scotts, yat fyrſt amang yaim baid,
Full gret ſlauchtir on Ingliſmen yai maid;
Into ye wode befor had prowit weyll,
Yan on ye playn yai fenzeit nocht adeill;
In curage grew, as yai war new begon,
Schort reſt yai had fra ryſſyng off ye ſon.
Be yat gud Ramſay, and with hym gud Ruwan,
Throuchout ye thikkeſt off ye preſs is gan;
Sloppis yai maid throw out ye Ingliſmen,
Diſſeuyryt yaim be twenty and by ten.
Quhen ſpers war gayn, with ſuerdis off metall cler,
Till Ingliſmen yar cummyng was ſauld full der.

Wallace and hys, be worthines off hand,
Feyll Sothroune blud gart lye apon ye land.
Ye twa feildys togyddyr relyt yan
Schyr Jhon Sewart, with mony nobill man.
To help yair lord, with thre hundreth in place
About hym ſtud, and did yair beſines,
Defendand hym, with mony awfull dynt,
Quhill all ye owtwart off ye feild was tynt.
Off comowns part into ye foreſt fled
Succour to ſek, yair men had yaim ſa led.
Ye Scotts has ſeyn ſo mony in a rout
With Sewart ſtand, na warrand yaim about,
Apon all ſyd aſſailziet wondyr ſayr;
Throw polyt platts with poynts perſyt yair.
Ye Sothroune made defens full cruelly,
All occupyit was yis gud chewalry.
Schyr Jhon Ramſay wald yai had zoldyn beyn.
Wallace ſaid, nay, it is all wrang ye meyn,
Ranſoun to mak we can nocht now begyn,
On ſic awyſs yis land we may not wyn
Zon knycht off lang our ald enemy has beyn,
Sa fell till us off yaim I haiff nocht ſeyn:
Now he ſall de, with help off Goddis Grace,
He com to pay hys ranſoun in yis place.
Ye Sothroune wyſt all playnly for to de,
Reſkew was nayn, ſuppos at yai wald fle,
Freſchlye yai faucht as yai entryt new,
Apon our ſyd part worthi men yai flew.
Yan Sewart ſaid, allace, throw wrangwis thing
Our lywys we loſs, throw deſyr off our King.

Ye

Ye felloune Knycht dowted hys dede rycht nocht,
Amang ye Scotts full manfully he wrocht,
Befat he ftraik to dede withoutyn mar.
Wallace preft in, with hys fuerd burnyft bar,
At Sewart als he etlyt in gret ire,
Throw peffanis ftuff in fondyr ftrak ye fwyr;
Dede to ye ground he dufchyt for all hys mycht,
Off Wallace hand yus endyt yus gud Knycht.
Ye ramaynand without mercy yai fla,
For gud befat ye Scotts war wondyr wa.
In handis fum yai ftraik without remeid,
Na Sothroune paft with lyff out off yat fted.
Yan to ye wode, for yaim yat left ye feild,
A rang fet, yus yai may get na beild.
Zeid nayn away was contrar our punzoun.
Gud Ruwan paft agayn to Santt Jhonftoun.
Schyr Jhone Ramfay to Cowper Caftill raid,
Yat houfs he tuk, for defens nane was maid.
Wallace Crawfurd, and with yaim gud Guthrie,
Rychard Wallace had lang beyn in melle,
And Longaweill into Lundors baid ftill,
Faftyt yai had to lang agayn yair will.
Wallang yai maid yair ftwart for to be,
Off meit and drink yai fand aboundanle.
Ye priour fled, and durft na reknyng byd,
He was befor apon ye toyir fyd.
Apon ye morn to Santt Androwis yai paft,
Out off ye toun yat byfchop turnyt faft.
Ye King off Ingland had hym yiddyr fend,
Ye rent at will he gaiff hym in commend,

Hys

Hys Kings charge as yan he durſt nocht hald,
A wrangwys Pape yat tyrand mycht be cald;
Few fled with hym, and gat away be ſe,
For all Scotland he wald nocht Wallace ſe.
As yan off hym he maid bot lycht record,
Gert reſtor hym yat yar was rychtwyſs lord.
Ye worthi Knycht, yat into Coupar lay,
Gart ſpulze it apon ye ſecund day;
Syne ordand men, at ye cummaund off Wallace,
Bot mar proceſs, for to caſt doun yat place.
Mynours ſone yai gert preſs throw ye wall,
Syne pounceounis fyryt, and to ye ground keſt all.
Schyr Jhon Ramſay ſyne to ye kyrk can fayr,
Sothroune was fled, and left but wallis bayr;
Eftir Sewart yai durſt nocht tary lang.
Ye Scotts at large throw all Fyff yai rang.
Off Ingliſmen nayn left in yat cuntre,
Bot in Lochlewyn yar lay a cumpane,
Apon yat Inch, in a ſmall houſs yai dycht,
Caſtell was nayn, bot wallyt with wattir wycht.
Beſyd carraill yai ſemblyt Wallace beforn,
Hys purpoſs was for till aſſay Kyngorn.
A Knycht hecht Gray yan Captane in it was,
Be ſchort awyſs purpos he tuk to pas,
Erar he wald byd chalans off hys King,
Yan with Wallace to rakyn for ſic a thing.
Yat houſs yai tuk, and littill tary maid.
Apon ye morn, withoutyn mair abaid,
Atour ye mur, quhar yai a tryſt had ſet,
Ner Scotlands well yair lugyng tuk bot let.

Eftir ſoupar Wallace baid yaim ga reſt,
Myſelff will walk, me think it may be beſt.
As he cummandyt, but grathing yai haiff don.
Into yair ſlep Wallace hym graithit ſon,
Paſt to Lochlewyn as it was ner mydnycht,
Auchtand with hym, yat he had warnyt rycht;
Yir men wend weill he com to weſy it.
Falows, he ſaid, I do yow weill to wyt,
Conſidyr weill yis place, and undirſtand,
Yat it may do full gret ſcaith to Scotland,
Out off ye ſouth and power com yaim till,
Yai may tak in, and kepe it at yair awne will;
Apon zon Inch rycht mony mar may be,
And ſyne uſche out, yair tym quhen at yai ſe.
To byd lang her we may nocht apon chans,
Zon folk has fud, traiſt weyll, at ſufficians;
Wattir fra yaim forſuth can nocht be ſet,
Sum oyir wyill us worthis for to get;
Zhe ſall remayn her at yis port all ſtill,
And I myſelff ye boit ſall bryng yow till.
Yarwith in haiſt hys weid off caſts he,
Apon zon ſyd na wachman can I ſe,
Held on hys ſark, and tuk hys ſuerd ſo gud
Band on hys nek, and ſyne lap in ye flud,
And our he ſwam, for lattyng fand he nocht.
Ye boit he tuk, and till hys men it brocht;
Arayit hym weill, and wald na langar byd,
Bot paſſit in, rowit to ye toyir ſyd.
Ye Inch yai tuk with ſuerds drawyn in hand,
And ſparyt nayn yat yai befor yaim fand,

Strak durs up, ſtekyt quhar yai lay,
Apon ye Sothroune yus ſadly ſemblyt yai.
Threty yai ſlew, yat was in yat ſamyn place,
To mak defens ye Ingliſmen had no ſpace.
Yair wemen fyffe Wallace ſend off yat ſtede,
Woman nor barn he gert neuir put to dede.
Ye gud yai tuk, as it had beyn yair awyn,
Yan Wallace ſaid, fallowis, I mak zow knawyn,
Ye purwyance, yat is within yis wanys,
We will nocht tyne, gert ſembyll all at anys,
Gar warn Ramſay, and our gud men ilk an,
I will remayn quhill yis warn ſtor began;
Send furth a man yair horſs for to keip,
Drew up ye boit, ſyne beddys tuk to ſleip.
Wallace power, quhilk Scotland well ner lay,
Befor ye ſon yai myſſyt hym away.
Sum menyng maid, and merwellyt off yat cace.
Ramſay bad ceſs, and murn nocht for Wallace,
It is for gud yat he is fra us went,
It ſall ze ſe, traiſt weill, in werrament;
My hed to wed Lochlewyn he paſt to ſe,
Bot yat is yar no Ingliſmen knaw we,
In all yis land, betwix yir wattris left,
Tithands off hym ze ſall ſe ſon hereft.
As yai about was talkand on yis wyſs,
A meſſage com, and chargyt yaim to ryſs.
My Lord, he ſaid, to dyner has zow cald
Into Lochlewyn, quhilk is a ryoll hald,
Ze ſall fayr weyll, yarfor put off all ſorow.
Yai graithit yaim rycht ayrly on ye morow,

And yidder paſt, off Wallace will to wytt;
Yus ſemblyt yai in a full blyth falowſchip.
Yai lugyt yar till aucht dayis was at end,
Off meit and drynk yai had inewch to ſpend;
Turſſyt furth ger, yat Sothroune had brocht yar
Gert byrn ye boit, till Santt Jhonſtoune yai fair.
Byſchope Synclar, yat worthi was and wyſs,
Till Wallace com, and tauld hym hys awyſs;
Yus he deſyryt Wallace fuld with hym ryd,
And in Dunkell ſoiourn yat wyntyr tyd.
Bot he ſaid, nay, yat hald I nocht ye beſt,
And Scotland yus, in peſs we can nocht reſt.
Ye Byſchop ſaid, playnly ze may nocht wend,
Into ye north for men I red zow ſend.
I grant, quoth he, and cheiſſit a meſſynger.
Ye worthi Jop was with ye Byſchop yar,
And mayſtir Blair Wallace com bot baid,
With yat gud Lord yat nobill cher yaim maid.
Wallace ſend Blair, in hys preiſts weid,
To warn ye weſt, quhar freyndys had gret dreid
How yai ſuld paſs, or to gud Wallace wyn,
For Ingliſmen, yai held yaim lang in twyn.
Adam Wallace, and Lindſay yat was wycht,
Rawchle yai left, and left away be nycht,
Throw out ye land to ye Lennox yai cayr,
Till Erle Malcom, yat welcumyt yaim full fayr.
Maiſter Jhon Blair was blyth off yat ſemble,
Gud Grayme was yar, and Richard off Lunde,
Als Robert Boid, yat out off But yaim ſocht;
Had yai Wallace off no thing ellis yai rocht;

Bot

Bot Ingliſmen betwix yaim was ſa ſtrang,
Yat yai in playn mycht not weill to hym gang.
Jop paſt north, for leiching wald nocht let,
Gret power yar as yan he couth nocht get;
Ye Lord Cumyng, yat Erle off Bouchane was,
For auld Inwy he wald na man paſs
Yat he mycht let, in gud Wallace ſupple,
For Erle Patrik a playn feild kepyt he.
Zet pur men com, and prowyt all yair mycht
To help Wallace, in fens off Scotlands rycht.
Ye gud Randell in tendyr age was kend,
Part off men out off Murray he did ſend.
Jop paſt agayn, and com in preſens ſone
Befor Wallace, and tald quhow he had don;
Bot Mayſtyr Blair ſa gud tithyngs hym brocht,
Yat off Cumyng Wallace full litill roucht
Als Ingliſmen had yan full littill dreid,
Fra Fyff was tynt ye war yai trowit to ſped.
Ye Duk and Erle, yat in Scotland yaim led,
Captanys yai maid, in Ingland ſyn yaim ſped.
Wallace hym bownyt, quhen he thocht tym fuld be,
Off Santt Jhonſtoune, and with hym tuk fyfte.
Stewyn off Irland, and Kerle yat was wycht,
For Ingliſmen yai had haldyn ye hycht
In wachman lyff, and fendyt yaim rycht weyll,
Till gud Wallace yai war as trew as ſteyll,
To folow hym ye twa thocht neuyr lang.
Throw out ye Ochell yai maid yaim for to gang,
Off mar power he taryt nocht yat tyd,
To keip ye land he gert ye layff abyd;

To Styrlyng Bryg as yan he wald not paſs,
For ſtrang power off Ingliſmen yar was.
Till Erth ferry yai paſſit prewaly,
And buſchit yaim in a dern ſted yarby.
A eruell Captayne in Erth dueit yar,
In Ingland born, and hecht Thomylyn off Wayr.
A hundreth men was at hys ledyng ſtill,
To bruk yat land yai did power and will.
A Scotts fyſchar, quhilk yai had tayn beforn,
Contrar hys will gert hym be to yaim ſuorn,
In ye ſeruice yai held hym day and nycht.
Befor ye ſon Wallace gert Jop hym dycht,
And ſend hym forth ye paſſage for to ſpy;
On yat fyſchar he hapnyt ſodandly,
All hym allayn, bot a boy yat was yar;
Jop hynt hym ſone, and for na dreid wald ſpar,
Be ye collar, and out a knyff hynt he.
For Godds ſaik yis man aſkyt merce.
Jop ſperyt ſone, off quhat natioun art yow?
A Scott, he ſaid, bot Sothroune gart me bow
In yair ſeruice, agayn my will full ſayr,
Bot for my lyff yat I ramaynyt yair;
To ſek fyſche I com on yis north ſyd,
Be ze a Scott, I wald fayn with yow byd.
Yan he hym brocht in preſens to Wallace.
Ye Scotts was blyth quhen yai haiff ſeyn yis cace,
For with hys bait yai mycht weill paſſage haive;
For fery craft na fraucht he thocht to craive.
Apon yat ſyd langar yai taryed nocht,
Till ye ſouth land with glaid harts yai ſocht;

Syne

Syne brak ye bait, quhen yai war landyt yair,
Seruice off it Sothroune mycht haiff na mayr.
Yan throuch ye moſs yai paſſit full gud ſpeid
Till ye Torwode, yis man with yaim yai leid.
Ye wedow yar brocht tithands to Wallace,
Off hys trew Eyme yat duelt at Dunypace,
Thomlyn off Wayr in preſoun had hym ſet,
For mar treſour na he befor mycht get.
Wallace ſaid, deym, he ſall weill lowſyt be,
Be none to morn, or ma yarfor ſall de.
Sche gat yaim meit, and in quiet yai baid
Quhill yai was rycht, ſyne redy ſone yaim maid,
Towart Arthall rycht ſodeynly yaim drew.
A ſtrenth yar was, yat weyll ye fyſchar knew,
Off draw dykis, and full off wattir wan,
Wyſly yaroff has warnyt yaim yis man.
On ye bak ſyd he led yaim prewale,
Fra ye wattir as wont to cum was he,
Our a ſmall bryg. Gud Wallace entryt in
Into ye hall, hymſelff thocht to begyn;
Fra ye ſowper as yai war bown to ryſs,
He ſaluſt yaim apon ane awfull wyſs;
Hys men hym folowit ſodanly at anys,
Haiſty ſorow was raſſyt in yai wanys;
With ſcherand ſuerds ſcharply about yaim dang,
Feill on ye flur was fellyt yaim amang.
With Thomlyn Wayr Wallace hymſelff has met,
A felloune ſtraik ſadly apon hym ſet,
Throch hede and ſwyr all throuch ye coſt hym claiff;
Ye worthy Scotts faſt ſtekyt off ye laiff,

Kepyt durs, and dulfully yaim dycht,
To chaip away ye Sothroune had no mycht.
Sum wyndowys ſocht for till haiff brokyn out,
Bot all for nocht, full fey was maid yat rout.
About ye fyr bruſchyt ye blud ſo red,
A hundreth men was ſlayn into yat ſted.
Yan Wallace ſocht quhar hys uncle ſuld be;
In a dyrk cawe he was ſet dulfulle,
Quhar wattir ſtud, and he in yrnyſs ſtrang.
Wallace full ſone ye braſſis up he dang;
Off yat myrk holl brocht hym with ſtrenth and lyſt,
Bot noyis he hard, off no thing ellis he wyſt;
So blyth befor in warld he had nocht beyn,
As yar, with ſycht quhen he had Wallace ſeyn.
In dykys owt ye dede bodyis yai keſt,
Graithyt ye place as at yaim lykyt beſt,
Maid ſtill gud cher, and wyſs wachis gert ſet,
Quhill ner ye day yai ſlepe withoutyn let;
Quhen yai had lycht ſpulziet ye place in hy,
Fand gayn and ger, bathe gold and jowelry;
Our all yat day in quiet held yai ſtill;
Quhat Sothroune come, yai reſawit with gud will,
In yat laubour ye Scotts was full vayn,
Ingliſmen com, bot nayn zeid owt agayn.
Women and barnys put in priſouns caive,
So yai mycht mak no warnyng to ye laive;
Stewyn off Irland, and Kerle, yat war hycht,
Kepyt ye port apon ye ſecund nycht.
Befor ye day ye worthi Scotts rayſs,
Turſſit gud ger, and to ye Torwod gayſs,

Remaynyt yar quhill nycht was cummyn on hand,
Syne bownyt yaim in quiet throuch ye land.
Ye wedowis ſone, fra yai had paſſit dout,
A ſerwand ſend, and leit ye wemen out,
To paſs fra Arth, quhar at yaim lykyt beſt.
Now ſpek off yaim yat went into ye weſt.
Wallace hymſelff was ſekyr gyd yat nycht,
Till Dunbertane ye way he cheſyt rycht,
Or it was day, for yan ye nycht was lang,
On to ye toun full priwaly yai gang;
Mekill off it Ingliſmen occapyit.
Gud Wallace ſone throw a dyrk gyrth hym hyit,
And till a houſs, quhar he was wont to ken,
A wedow duelt was fred full till our men;
Abowne hyr bed, on ye bakſyd, was maid
A dern wyndow, was noyir lang nor braid,
Yar Wallace cauld, and ſone fra ſche hym knew,
In haiſt ſche raiſs, and prewaly yaim in drew
Till a cloſs bern, quhar yai mycht kepyt be;
Baith meit and drynk ſche brocht in gret plentè.
A gudly gyft to Wallace als ſche gaiff,
A hundreth pound, and mar, atour ye laiff.
Nyne ſonnys ſche had was lykly men and wycht,
Ane ayth till hym ſche gart yaim ſuer full rycht;
In peſs yai duelt, in trubyll yat had beyn,
And trewbuit payit till Inglis Captaynes keyn.
Schir Jhon Menteth ye caſtell had in hand,
Bot ſum men ſaid, yat was a priwa band
To Sothroune maid, be menys off yat Knycht,
In yar ſupple to be in all hys mycht;

Yaroff

Yaroff as now I will na proceſs mak.
Wallace yat day a ſchort purpoſs can tak;
Quhen it was nycht he bad ye wedow paſs,
Merk all ye durs quhar Sothroune duelland was;
Syne eftir yis he and hys chewalry
Graithit yaim weill, and wappynys tuk on hy,
Went on ye gayt, quhen Sotheroune was on ſlep.
A gret oyſtre our Scotts tuk to kep.
Ane Inglis Captane was ſittand up ſo lait,
Quhill he and hys with drynk was maid full mait.
Nyne men was yar, now ſet in hie curage,
Sum wald haiff had gud Wallace in yat rage,
Sum wald haiff bound Schyr Jhone ye Grame throuch ſtrenth,
Sum wald haiff had Boid at ye ſuerds lenth,
Sum wyſt Lundy, yat chapyt was Fyff,
Sum wychter was na Cetoun into ſtryff,
Quhen Wallace hard ye Sothroune mak ſic dyn,
He gart all byd, and hym allayn went in;
Ye layff remaynyt to her off yir tithans.
He ſaluſt yaim with ſturdy contenans.
Falowis, he ſaid, ſen I com laſt fra haym,
In trawaill I was our land and uncouth fame,
Fra ſouth Ireland I com in yis cuntre,
Ye conqueſt off Scotland for to ſe;
Part off your drynk, or ſum gud I wald haiff.
Ye Captayne a ſchrewd anſuer hym gaiff,
Yow ſemys a Scott, unlikly us to ſpy,
Yow may be ane off Wallace cumpany;
Contrar our King he is ryſſyn agane,

Ye land off Fyff he has rademyt in plane;
Zow ſall her byd quhill we wyt quhow it be,
Be yow off hys, zow ſall be hyngyt hye.
Wallace yan thocht it was na tyme to ſtand,
Hys nobill fuerd he gryppyt ſone in hand,
Awkwart ye face drew yat Captane in teyn,
Straik all away yat ſtud abowne hys eyn;
Ane oyir braithly in ye breyſt he bar,
Baith brawn and bayn ye burly blaid throch ſchar.
Ye layff ruſchyt up to Wallace in gret ire,
Ye thryd he feld full ferſly in ye fyr.
Stewyn off Irland, and Kerle, in yat thrang,
Kepyt na charge, bot entryt yaim amang,
And oyir ma yat to ye dur can preſs,
Quhill yai hym ſaw yar coud na thing yaim ceſs.
Ye Sothroune men full ſone was brocht to ded.
Ye blyth Hoſtelar bad yaim gud ayle and breid.
Wallace ſaid, nay, till we haiff layſar mar,
To be our gyd yow ſall befor us fayr,
And begyn fyr quhar at ye Sothroune lyis.
Ye Hoſtelar ſone, apon a haſty wyſs,
Hynt fyr in hand, and till a gret houſs zeid,
Quhar Ingliſmen war in full mekill dreid;
For yai wyſt nocht quhill yat ye rud low raiſs,
As wood beſts amang ye fyr yaim gaes,
With panyis fell ruſchyt full forowfully.
Ye layff without off our gud chewalry,
At ilka houſs, quhar ye Hoſtillar began,
Kepyt ye durs, fra yaim chapyt na man,
For all yair mycht, yocht King Edwárde had ſuorn,

Gate

Gate nayn away yat was off Ingland born,
Bot oyir brynt, or but reſkew was ſlayn,
And ſum throuch fors drywyn in ye fyr agayn.
Part Scotts folk in ſeruice yaim amang,
Fra ony payn frely yai leit yaim gang.
Thre hundreth men was to Dimbertan ſend,
To kep ye land, as yair lords yaim kend,
Skaithleſs off yaim for ay was yis regioun.
Wallace or day maid hym out off ye toun,
On to ye Coyff off Dimbartane yai zeid,
And all yat day ſoiornyt out off dreid,
Bathe meit and drynk ye Hoſtillar gert be brocht.
Quhen nycht was cummyn, in all ye haiſt yai mocht,
Towart Roſſneth full erneſtfully yai gang,
For Ingliſmen was in yat caſtell ſtrang.
On ye Garlouth yai purpoſt yaim to bid,
Betwix ye kyrk, yat ner was yar beſyd,
And to ye caſtell full priwaly yai draw,
Undyr a bray yai buſchyt yaim rycht law,
Lang ye wattir, quhar comoun oyſs had yai,
Ye caſtellis ſtuff on to ye kyrk ilk day.
A mariage als yat day was to begyn,
All uſchyt owt, and left nayn within.
At fens mycht mak, bot ſcherwandis in yat place;
Yus to yat tryſt yai paſſit upon cace.
Wallace and hys drew yaim full priwaly
Ner hand ye place; quhen yai war paſſit by,
Within ye hauld, and thocht to kep yat ſteid
Fra Sothroune men, or ellis yarfor be deid.
Compleit was maid ye mariage into playn,

On

On to Roſſneth yai raturnyt agayn;
Four ſcor and ma was in yat cumpany,
Bot nocht arayit as was our chewalry;
To ye caſtell yai weynd to paſs, but let.
Ye worthy Scotts ſa hardly on yaim ſet,
Fourtye at anys derfly to ground yai bar;
Ye ramaynand affrayit was ſa ſar,
Langar in feild yai had no mycht to byd,
Bot ferfly fled fra yaim on ayir ſyd.
Ye Scotts yar has weill ye entre woun,
And flew ye laiff yat in yat houſs was foun;
Syne on ye flears folowed wondyr faſt,
Na Ingliſman yar fra yaim with lyff at paſt.
Ye wemen ſone yai ſefyt into hand,
Kepyt yaim cloſs, for warnyng off ye land.
Ye dede bodyis all out off ſycht yai keſt,
Yan at gud eſs yai maid yaim for to reſt;
Off purweance ſewyn dayis yai lugit yar
At rud coſts, to ſpend yai wald nocht ſpar;
Quhat Sothroune com, yai tuk all glaidly in,
Bot owt agayn yai leit nane off yat kyn;
Quha tithands ſend to ye Captayne off yat ſteid,
Yair ſcherwitours ye Scotts put to ded,
Spulziet ye place, and left na gud yar,
Brak wallis doun, and maid yat byggyng bar.
Quhen yai had ſpilt off ſtayne werk at yai mocht,
Syne kendyllit fyr, and fra Roſneth yai ſocht.
Quhen yai had brynt all tre-work in yat place,
Wallace gert freith ye wemen, off hys grace,
To do yaim harm neuir hys purpoſs was.

Yan

Yan to Faſlan ye worthi Scotts can paſs,
Quhar Erle Malcom was bydand at defence,
Rycht glaid he was off Wallace gud preſence;
Yan he fand yar a nobill cumpany,
Schyr Jhon ye Grame, and Richard off Lundy,
Adam Wallace, yat worthi was and wyſs,
Berkla and Boid, with men mekill to pryſs.
At Criſtenmeſs yar Wallace ſoiornyt ſtill;
Off hys modyr tithands war brocht hym till,
Yat tym befor ſche had left Elriſle,
For Inglifmen in it ſche durſt nocht be;
Fra ynce dyſgyſyt ſche paſt in pilgrame weid,
Sum gyrth to ſek to Dunfermlyn ſche zeid;
Seknes hyr had ſo ſocht into yat ſted,
Deceſt ſche was, God tuk hyr ſpreit to leid.
Quhen Wallace hard at yat tithands war trew,
Low ſadneſs ſo in ilka ſid can perſew;
In thank he tuk, becauſs it was naturaill,
He lowyt God with ſekyr hart and haill;
Bettyr hym thocht, yat it was hapnyt ſa,
Na Sothroune ſuld hyr put till oyir wa.
He ordand Jop, and als ye mayſtir Blayr,
Yiddyr to paſs, and for no coſts ſpayr,
Bot honour do ye corp till ſepulcur.
At hys commaund yai ſcheruit ilka hour,
Doand yarto as dede aſkis till haive,
With worſchip wax ye corp graithit in graive.
Agayn yai turnyt, and ſchawit hym off hyr end.
He thankyt God quhat Grace yat euir he ſend;
He ſeis ye warld ſa full off fantaſie,

Confort

Confort he tuk, and leit all murnyng be;
Hys maiſt deſyr was for to freith Scotland.
Now will I tell quhat new caſs com on hand.
Schyr Wilzham lang off Douglacedaill was Lord;
Off hys fyrſt wyff, as rycht was to record,
Deceſt or yan, out off yis warldly cayr,
Twa ſonnys he had with hyr, yat leyffat yar,
Quhilk likly war, and abill in curage,
To ſculle was ſend into yair tendre age;
Jamys and Hew, ſo hycht yir brethyr twa,
And eftir ſone yair uncle couth yaim ta,
Gud Robert Keth had yaim fra Glaſkow toun,
Atour ye ſe in France he maid yaim boun;
At ſtudy ſyne he left yaim into Parys,
With a maiſtyr yat worthi was and wyſs.
Ye King Edwarde tuk yair fadyr ye Knycht,
And held hym yar, yocht he was neuir ſo wycht,
Till hym he had aſſentyt till hys will;
A mariage als yai gert ordand yaim till,
Ye Lady ferſs, off power and hie blud,
Bot yaroff com till hys lyff litill gud.
Twa ſonnys he gat on yis Lady but mar.
With Edwardes will he tuk hys leyff to far.
In Scotland com, and broucht hys wyff on peſs,
In Dowglas duelt, forſuth yis is no leſs.
King Edwarde trowit yat he had ſtedfaſt beyn,
Faſt to yair faith; bot ye contrar was ſeyn,
Ay Scotts blud remaynyt into Douglace,
Agayn Ingland he prowyt in mony place.
Ye Sawchar was a Caſtell fayr and ſtrang,

Ane Inglis Captayne, yat dyd feyll Scotts wrang,
Intill it duelt, and Bewffurd he was cauld,
Yat held all wayſt fra ynce to Douglace hald,
Rycht ner off kyn was Douglace wyff and he,
Yarfor he trowit in peſs off hym to be.
Schyr Wilzam ſaw at Wallace raiſs agayn,
And rycht likly to freith Scotland off payn;
Till help hym part intill hys mind he keſt,
For in yat lyff rycht lang he coud nocht leſt;
He thocht na charge to brek upon Ingland,
It was throuch force yat euir he maid yaim band.
A zong man yan, yat hardy was and bauld,
Born to hymſelff, and Thom Dycſon was cauld,
Der freynd, he ſaid, I wald preiff at my mycht,
And mak a fray to fals Bewfurd ye Knycht,
In Sawchar duellys, and dois full gret outrage.
Yan Dycſon ſaid, myſelff in yat wiage
Sall with yow paſs, with Anderſon to ſpek,
Cuſyng to me, freyndſchip he will nocht brek;
For yat ilk man yair wode ledys yaim till,
Throch help off hym purpoſs ze may fulfill.
Schyr Wilzham yan, in all ye haiſt he mycht,
Threty trew men in yis wiage he dycht;
And tauld hys wyff till Dumfreſs he wald fayr,
A tryſt, he ſaid, off Ingland he had yair.
Yus paſſyt he quhar yat na Sothroune wyſt,
With yir threty throw waiſt land at hys lyſt;
Quhill nycht was cummyn he buſchit yaim full law
In a clewch ner till ye wattyr off Craw.
To ye Sawchar Dycſon allayn he ſend,

And

And he ſone maid with Anderſon yis end,
Dicſon ſuld tak bathe hys horſs and hys weid,
Be it was day, a drawcht off wode to leid.
Agayn he paſt, and tauld ye gud Douglace,
Quhilk drew hym ſone intill a priway place.
Anderſon tauld quhat ſtuff yat was yarin
Till Jhon Dycſon, yat was ner off hys kyn,
Fourty yai ar off men off mekill waill,
Be yai on fute yai will zow far aſſaill;
Gyff yow hapnys ye entre for to get,
On yi rycht hand a ſtalwart ax is ſet,
Yarwith zow may defend ze in a thrang,
Be Douglace wyſs he byds nocht fra yow lang.
Anderſon zeid to ye buſchement in hy,
Ner ye caſtell he drew yaim priwaly
Intill a ſchaw, (Sothroune myſtrayſtit nocht)
To ye next wode, with Dycſon, ſyn he ſocht,
Graithit hym a draucht, on a breid ſlip and law,
Changyt a horſs, and to ye houſs can caw;
Arayit he was in Anderſonnis weid,
And bad hym haiff in. Ye portar com gud ſpeid,
Yis hour, he ſaid, yow mycht haive been away,
Untymys you art, for it is ſcantly day.
Ye zet zeid up, Dicſon gat in but mar,
A thourtour baude, yat all ye drawcht up bar,
He cuttyt it, to ground ye ſlyp can ga,
Cumryt ze zet, ſtekyng yai mycht not ma;
Ye portar ſone he hynt into yat ſtryff,
Twyſs throuch ye hede he ſtekyt hym with a knyff.
Ye ax he gat, yat Anderſon off ſpak,

A bekyn maid, yarwith ye bufchment brak.
Douglace hymfelff was formaft in yat prefs,
In our ye wode entryt, or yai wald cefs.
Thre wachmen fa, off wallis was cummyn new,
Within ye clofs ye Scotts fone yaim flew.
Or ony fcry was raiffit in yat ftour,
Douglace had tane ze zet off ye gret tour,
Rane up a grete, quhar at ye Captayne lay.
On fut he gat, and wald haiff beyn away;
Our lait it was; Douglace ftrak up ye dur,
Bewfurd he fand into ye chawmyr flur,
With a ftyff fuerd to dede he has hym dycht;
Hys men folowit, yat worthy was and wycht.
Ye men yai flew, yat was into yair wanys,
Syne in ye clofs yai femblyt all at anys.
Ye houfs yai tuk, and Sothroune put to ded,
Gat nane, bot ane, with lyff out off yat fted,
For yat ze zett fa lang unftekyt was.
Yis fpy he fled, till Durfder can pafs,
Tald yat Captayne, yat yai had hapnyt fa;
Another he gert into ye Enoch ga,
In Tybris mur was warnyt off yis cafs,
And Lowchmaban all femblyt to yat place;
Ye cuntre raifs, quhen yai herd off fic thing,
To fege Douglace, and hecht yai fuld hym hyng.
Quhen Douglace wyft na wayis fra yaim to chaip,
To failze hym he trowit yai wald yaim fchaip,
Dycfon he fend apon a curfour wycht
To warn Wallace, in all ye haift he mycht.
Off Lewyn-houfs Wallace had tayn in playn,

With thre hundreth gud men off mekill mayn;
Kynſyth a Caſtell, he thocht to weſy it,
Ane Rawynſdaill held, bot trew men leit hym wytt,
Yat he was owt yat tym off Cummyrnauld,
Lord Cumyn duelt on tribut in yat hauld.
Quhen Wallace wyſt, he gert Erle Malcom ly
With twa hundreth in a buſchment ner by,
To kepe ye houſs, yat nayn to it ſuld fayr;
He tuk ye laiff, and in ye wode ner yar
A ſcurrour he ſet, to warn quhen he ſaw ocht.
Sone Rawynſdaill com, off yaim he had na thocht.
Quhen he was cumyn ye twa buſchments betweyn,
Ye ſcurrour warnd ye cruell men and keyn;
Yan Wallace brak, and folowit on yaim faſt.
Ye Sothroune fled, for yai war far agaſt.
Rawynſdaill had yan bot fyffte men,
Amang ye Scotts yair deids was litill to ken.
Quhen Erle Malcom had bard yaim fra ye place,
Na Sothroune zeid with lyff yat yai did grace.
Part Lennox men yai left ye horſs to ta,
On ſpulzeyng yan yai wald na tary ma.
To ſege ye houſs yan Wallace couth not byd,
Throuchout ye land in awfull feyr yai ryd.
Yan Lithquow toun yai brynt into yair gayt,
Quhar Sothroune duelt, yai maid yair byggyngs hayt
Ye peyll yai tuk, and flew yat was yarin,
Off Sothroune blud, ye Scotts thocht na ſyn.
Syne on ye morn brynt Dawketh in a gleid,
Yan till a ſtrenth in Newbottyll wode yai zeid.
Be yat Lawdir, and Cryſtall off Cetoun,

Com fra ye baſs, and brynt Northallertoun
For Ingliſmen ſuld yar na ſuccour get;
Quha yai ourtuk, yai ſlew withoutyn lett.
To meit Wallace yai paſt with all yair mycht,
A hundreth with yaim off men in armes brycht.
A blyth metyng yat tym was yaim betweyn,
Quhen Erle Malcom and Wallace has yaim ſeyn.
Thom Dycſon yan was met with gud Wallace,
Quhilk grantyt ſone to reſkew Douglace.
Dycſon, he ſaid, wait yow yair multiple?
Thre thouſand men yair power mycht not be.
Erle Malcom ſaid, though yai war thouſands fyffe,
For yis actioun methink yat we ſuld ſtryff.
Yan Hew ye Hay, yat duellyt undyr trewage
Off Ingliſmen, ſone he gaiff our ye wage,
Mar for to pay as yan he likyt nocht,
With fyftye men with Wallace forth he ſocht;
To Peblis paſt, bot na Sothroune yar baid,
Yan at ye Croice a playn ſcry yai maid;
Wallace commaund, quha wald cum to hys peſs,
And byd yarat, reward ſuld haiff but leſs.
Gud Ryuirfurd, yat euir trew has beyn,
In Atryk wode, agayne ye Sothroune keyn,
Bydyn he had, and don yaim mekill der,
Saxte he led off nobill men in wer.
Wallace welcummyt quha com in hys ſupple
With Lordly feyr, and Chyſtan-lik was he.
Yaim till aray yai zeid without ye toun,
Yair nowmyr was ſex hundreth off renoun,
In byrneis brycht, all men off mekill waill,

With glaid harts yai paſt in Clyddyſdaill.
Ye ſege be yan was to ye Sawchar ſet,
Sic tithands com, quhilk maid yarin a let.
Quhen Sothroune hard yat Wallace was ſa ner,
Throw haiſty fray ye oft was all on ſter;
Na man was yar wald for ane oyir byd,
Purpos yai tuk in Ingland for to ryd.
Ye chyftane ſaid, ſen yair King had befor,
Fra Wallace fled, ye cauſs was ye mor.
Faſt ſouth yai went, to byd it was gret waith.
Douglace as yan was quyt off yair ſcaith.
In Crawfurd mur be yan was gud Wallace,
Quhen men hym tauld, yat Sothroune apon cace
Was fled away, and durſt nocht hym abyd.
Thre hundreth yan he cheſſyt with hym to ryd,
In lycht harnes, and horſs at yai wald waill.
Ye Erle Malcom he bad byd with ye ſtaill,
To folow yaim, a bakgard for to be;
To ſtuff a chace in all haiſt bownyt he,
Throw Durſder he tuk ye gayneſt gayt,
Rycht fayn he wald off Sothroune mak debait.
Ye playneſt way abowne Mortoun yai hald,
Kepand ye hycht, gyff yat ye Sothroune wald
Houſs to perſew, or cum to Lochmaban,
Bot tent yarto ye Ingliſmen tuk nan;
Done neth yai held, graith gydys can yaim leyr,
Abowne Cloſbarn Wallace approchyt ner.
In ire he grew, quhen yai war in hys ſycht,
To yaim he ſped with wyll and all yair mycht.
On a out part ye Scotts ſet in yat tyd,

Sewyn

Sewyn ſcor at erd yai had ſone at a ſyd.
Ye Sothroune ſaw yat it was hapnyt ſa,
Turnyt in agayn reſkew for to ma;
Quhen yai trowit beſt agayn Scotland to ſtand,
Erle Malcom com rycht ner at yair hand.
Ye haill power tuk playn purpoſs to fle.
Quha was at erd Wallace gert lat yaim be,
Apon ye formeſt folowit in all hys mycht.
Ye Erle and hys apon ye laiff can lycht,
Dyd all to dede unhorſyt was yat tyd;
Feill men was ſlayn apon ye Sothroune ſyd.
Fyffe hundreth large or yai paſt Dawſwintoun,
On Sothroune ſyd to ded was brocht adoun.
Ye Scotts horſs mony began to tyr,
Suppos yaimſelff was cruell fers as fyr.
Ye ſlears left bathe wode and wattris haill,
To tak ye playn yai thocht it maiſt awaill.
In gret battaill away full faſt yai raid,
Into ſtrenthis yai thocht to mak no baid.
Ner Louchmaban and Lothyrmoſs yai went,
Beſyd Throuchmaid, quhar feill Sothroune was ſchent.
Rycht mony horſs, yat rounyng had ſalary,
And trawaillit ſayr, yai mycht no furyir gang.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme upon hys fut was ſet,
Yan Wallace als lychtyt withoutyn let.
Yir twa on fute amang ye enemyſs zeid,
Was nayn, but horſs, mycht fra yaim throw ſpeid.
On Ingliſmen ſo cruelly yai ſocht,
Quhom yai ourtuk agayn harmyt us nocht.
To Wallace com a part off power new,

To

On reſtyt horſs, yat pertly couth perſew;
Adam Corrie, with gud men off gret waill,
And Jhonſtone als, yat duelt in Hauſſdaill;
And Kyrkpatrik was in yat cumpany,
And Halyday, quhilk ſemblyt ſturdely:
Quhar yai entryt, ye ſailzie was ſo fayr,
Dede to ye ground feill frekis ſone yai ber.
Sewyn ſcor was haill off new cummyn men in deid,
Ye ſouth party off yaim had mekill dreid.
Wallace was horſſyt apon a curſour wycht,
At gud Corre had broucht into yair ſycht,
To ſtuff ye chas with hys new chewalry;
He commaundyt Grayme, and all hys men for yi,
Togyddyr byd, and folow as yai mycht.
Thre Captaynis yar full ſone to dede he dycht.
Yat reſtyt horſs ſa wondyr weill hym bar,
Quhom he ouirtuk agayne raiſs neuir mar;
Raithly he raid, and maid full mony wound,
Yir thre Captaynis he ſtikyt in yat ſtound,
Off Durſdeyr, Eneth, and Tybyr-mur.
Lord Clyffurds Eyme away to Clyffurd fur,
Ye quhilk befor yat kepyt Lowchmaban;
Na landyt man chaipyt with hym bot ane;
For Maxwell als out off Carlauerok com,
Ont o ye Sothroune ye gayneſt way is gon;
In to ye chaſs ſo wyſly yai rid,
Few gat away yat come apon yat ſide.
Beſyd Cokpull full feill fechtand yai fand,
Sum drownyt was, ſum ſlayn apon ye ſand;
Quha chapyt was in Ingland fled away.

Wallace raturnd, na priſoner tuk yai;
In Carlauerok reſtyng yat nycht yai maid,
Apon ye morn till Drumfres blythly raid;
Yar Wallace cryed, quha wald com till hys peſs,
Agayne Sothroune, yar malice for to ceſs,
Till trew Scotts he ordand waryſoun,
Quhar fawtyt had he granted remiſſioun.
In Drumfres yan he wald na langar byd.
Ye Sothroune fled off Scotland on ilk ſyd,
Be ſey and land, without langar abaid,
Off caſtellys, tounys, yan Wallace Chyftanys maid,
Rewlyt ye land, and put it into reſt,
With trew keparys, ye quhilk he traiſtyt beſt.
Ye trew Douglace, yat I zow tald off ayr,
Kepar was maid fra Drumlanryk till Ayr:
Becauſs he had on Sothroune ſic thing wrocht,
Hyſs wyff was wraith, bot it ſche ſchawit nocht,
Undyr cowart hyr malice hyd perfyt,
As a ſcherpent wats hyr tym to byt;
Till Douglace oft ſche wrocht full mekill cayr,
Off yat as now I leyff quhill foryirmar.
Bot Sothroune men durſt her no caſtell hald,
Bot left Scotland, befor as I yow tald,
Saiff ane Morton, a Captane fers and fell,
Yat held Dunde. Yan Wallace wald not duell,
Yiddyr he paſt, and lappyt it about.
Quhen Morton ſaw, yat he was in ſic dout,
He aſkyt leyff with yair lywys to ga.
Wallace denyit, and ſaid, it beis nocht ſa,
Ye laſt Captay ne off Ingland yat her was,

I gaiff

I gaiff hym leyff with hys men for to paſs;
Yow ſall forthink ſic maiſtry for to mak,
All Ingland ſall off ye exemple tak;
Sic men fra hym now to haiff worn,
Yow ſall be hangyt, ſuppoſs yi King had ſuorn.
He gert cummaund na Scotts ſuld to yaim ſpek,
Conferme ye ſege, and ſo we ſall us wrek
On Inglifmen, has ſic will off Dunde
Scrymeour he maid yar conſtable for to be.
A Ballingar off Ingland, yat was yar,
Paſt out off Tay, and com to Whitbe far,
To London ſend, and tald off all yis cace,
Till hyng Morton wowyt had Wallace.
Befor yis tym Edwarde with power zeid
To wer in France, for yan he had no dreid;
Befor he trowyt Scotland ſuld be hys awn.
Quhen yai hym warnyt, quhow hys men was ourthrawn,
Agayn he turnyt till Ingland haiſtely,
And left hys deid all fekyt into fy.
Gaſcone he clemyt as into heretage,
He left it yus, for all hys gret barnage;
And Flanders als he thocht to tak on hand,
And yir he left, and come to reyff Scotland.
Quhen yat yis King in Ingland was cummyn hame,
Sowmounds yai maid, and chargyt Bruce be nayme,
And all oyir, yat leyffyt undir hys croun,
Byſchop, Barroun, to cum at yair ſummoun.
Quhen Wallace twyſs, throw Grace, had fred Scotland,
Yis tyran King tuk playnly apon hand,
For ſic deſyr, yat he mycht haiff no reſt,

He

He thocht till hym off it to mak conqueſt.
In cowetyſs he had rongyng ſo lang,
Chyftanes he maid; yat yai ſuld nocht paſs wrang,
Gyds yai cheſſyt, fra ſtrenthis yaim to ghy,
Yai thocht no mor to byd at jeperty;
In playn battaill, and yai mycht Wallace wyn,
He trowyt off wer yai wald na mor begyn.
Lat I yis King makand hys ordinans,
My purpoſs is to ſpek ſumthing off Frans.
Ye Inglifmen, yat Gyan held at wer,
Till Franch folk yai did full mekill der.
Kyng and conſaill ſone in yair witts keſt,
To get Wallace yai thocht it was ye beſt;
For Gyan land ye Inglifmen had yai;
Yai ſchup yaim yus in all ye haiſt yai may:
For yai traiſtyt, and Scotland war weill ſtad,
Wallace wald cum, as he yaim promyſt had.
Ye ſamyn herrald, befor in Scotland was,
Yai hym cummaundyt, and ordand he ſuld paſs
Into Scotland, without langar delay,
Out off ye Slus, as gudly as he may.
Redy he was, in ſchip he went on cace,
In Tayis mowth ye hawyn but baid he has;
Quhar Wallace was yan at ye ſailzie ſtill,
And he reſawyt ye harrold with gud will;
Yar wryt he raid, and ſaid hym on yis wyſs,
Ane anſuer ſone he couth yaim nocht dewyſs.
Till honeſt inn ye harrolds yan he ſend,
On Wallace coſt rycht boundandly to ſpend,
Quhill tym he ſaw how oyir mattris zeid,

An

An anſuer he ſuld haive withoutyn dreid.
Ye wytt off France thocht Wallace to commend,
Into Scotland, with yis harrold, yai ſend,
Part off hys deid, and als ye diſcriptioune
Off hym tane yar, be men off diſcretioune,
Clerks, Knychts, and Harrolds, yat hym ſaw;
Bot I hereoff can nocht reherſs yaim aw.
Wallace ſtatur, off gretnes, and off hycht,
Was jugyt yus, be diſcretioun off ſycht,
Yat ſaw hym, bath diſſembill and in weid;
Nyne quarters large he was in lenth indeid;
Thryd part lenth in ſchuldrys braid was he,
Rycht ſembly, ſtrang, and luſty for to ſe.
Hys lymmys gret, with ſtalwart paiſs and ſound,
Hys browis hard, hys armes gret and round;
Hys hand maid rycht lik till a pawmer,
Off manlik, with naleſs gret and cler;
Proportionyt long and fayr was hys weſage,
Rycht ſad off ſpech, and abill in currage;
Braid breyſt and heych, with ſturdy crag and gret,
Hys lyppys round, hys noyſs was ſquar and tret;
Bowand brow haryt, on brows and breis lycht,
Cler off eyn, lik dyamonds brycht;
Undyr ye chyn, on ye left ſyd, was ſeyn,
Be hurt, a wain; hys colour was ſangweyn;
Wounds he had in mony diuerſs place,
Bot fayr and weill kepyt was hys face.
Off ryches he kepyt no propyr thing,
Gaiff as he wan lyk Alexander ye King.
In tym off pes, mek as a maid was he,

Quhar wer approchyt ye rycht Ector was he.
To Scottſmen a gret credence he gaiff,
Bot knawin enemyſs yai couth hym nocht diſaiff.
Yir properteys war knawin into Frans,
Off hym to be off gud remembrans.
Mayſtir Jhon Blair yat patron couth reſaiff,
In Wallace buk brewyt it with ye layff;
Bot he heroff as yan tuk litill heid,
Hys lauborous mynd was all on oyir deid.
At Dunde ſege yus ernyſtfully yai lay;
Tithands to hym Jop brocht on a day,
Quhow Edwarde, King with likly men to waill,
A hundyr thouſand, com for to aſſaill,
Yan Scotland ground yai had apon cace.
Into ſum part it grewyt gud Wallace.
He maid Scrymiour ſtill at ye houſs to ly,
With twa thouſand, and chargit hym for yi,
Yat nayn ſuld chaip with lyff out off yat ſted,
At Sothroune war bot do yaim all to ded.
Scrymeour grantit rycht faithfully to byd;
With awcht thouſand Wallace couth fra hym ryd
To Santt Jhonſtoune, four dayis he graithyt hym yar,
With ſad awyſs towart ye ſouth can fayr.
For King Edwarde yat tym ordand had
Ten thouſand haill to paſs, yat was full glad,
With zong Wodſtok, a man off mekill mycht;
At Stirlyng Bryg he ordand yaim full rycht,
And yar to byd, ye entre for to wer,
Off Wallace yan he trowit to haiff no der.
Yair leyff yai laucht, and paſt, but delay,

Rycht

Rycht far alyand, in a gud aray; 1965
To Stirlyng com, and wald nocht lang abyd,
To ſe ye north furth yan can he ryd,
Sic new curage ſo fell in hys entent,
Quhilk maid Sothroune full far for to rapent.

EXPLICIT LIBER NONUS
ET INCIPIT DECIMUS.

GLOSSARY.

*** The Manuſcript has been ſo exactly copied, that ſome Contractions appear, which the writer of the M. S. had made uſe of for his own conveniency; ſuch as,

at, for *that*, yhn, for *thine*. O, for *Oye*; ye, for *the*, *thee*. C, is frequently uſed for *S*; D, for *th*; ff, for *v*; o, for *Oo*, *u*; n, w, for *v*; z, for *y*, &c.

A.

A, *all, ah!*
Abowyn, *above*
Adill, *Atholl*. B. 7. v. 620
Agyt, *aged*
Allayne, *alone*
Als, *alſo, as*
Amange, *among*
Alay, *ally*
Ane our nowne, *one afternoon*
Angell hede, *angle head*
Annadyrdaill, *Annandale*
Aſpre, *aſper, ſharp, rugged*
At, *that*
At he aw, *that which he owed*
Aw, *owed, belongs to*
Ayk, *oak*
Ayle, *Faile, the vulgar name of a religious houſe in Air*
Ayr, *heir*

B

BAID, *abode, ſtayed*, B. 9. v. 546, "Yar and I baid;" viz. *three have I ſtayed*
Bald, *bold*
Ballingar, *a kind of ſhip*
Balzoune, *Baliol*
Bandoune, *bond, obligation*
Bar, *bare, naked*

Barnage, *Barons, baronage*
Bargane, *fight, contention*
Barrownys, *Barons*
Barrat, *hoſtile company*
Barrace, *bounds*
Baſnet, *helmet, head-piece*
Baſnat, *helmet*
Bayne, bane, *ready*
Bawk, baulk, *roof*
Bayle, *baleful*
Bears, *anceſtors*
Be, *by*
Bellamy, *warlike man*
Beggar, *Biggar*
Bertane, *Britain*
Beſt, *beaſt*
Bery-abbey, *Bury-abbey*
Beſtials, *engines for a ſiege*
Bikker, *haſty battle*
Biryneſs, *burial*
Bet, *ſupplied*
Birneys, *barns*
Blaw, *a blow*
Blent, *blinked, looked*
Bleſs, bleezes, *blaze, flame*
Boune, *ready prepared*
Bowis, *boughs*
Bowand, *bowing*
Borche, *to pledge, to pray*
Bodword, *meſſage*
Bouſtous, *great, formidable*
Bownit, bownyt, *went, tended, made ready*
Boyd, B. 7. v. 230, read *Byrd*
Bon, bane, *hurt, death*
Brukyt, *enjoyed*
Bradit, *forced*
Braithlye, *noiſy, bravely, valiantly*
Brokill, *frail, doubtful*
Braçhell, *bratchell*
Bertymit, *periſhed*
Bot, but, *without*
Bryg, *bridge*
Bryme, *brim, fierce*
Brygeane Cruk, *Bridge-end-Crook*
Bran, *brain*
Botts, *boats*
Browis, *brows*
Brewyt, *brieved*
Brim, *brother*. B. 9. v. 596
Brazars, *bracelets, armour for the arms*
Buſkit, *prepared*
Bute, *advantage*
Burd, *board, table, plank*
Buſk, *buſh*. B. 3. v. 3 froyte buſk, *fruit buſh*

Burdeous, *Bourdeaux*
Burly, *large, rough, full*
But, *Isle of But*
Byrny, *corslet, hemlet*
Byrne, *burn*
Byrnand, *hot, burning*
Byrdyngs, *burdens*
Byrneis, *corselets*

C

CAIFF, *Cave*
Chefs, *chose*
Child, *boy, page*
Churl, *strong man*
Chewyt, chevit, *atchieved*
Cefs, *to cease*
Cetown, *Seaton*
Chapyt, *escaped*
Caflies, cavillies, *lots*
Cornialis, *chronicles*
Condet, *conduct*
Corre, *currie*
Confchyrwyt, *conserved*
Couth, *could*
Cowart, *covert*
Conandly, *cunningly*
Courche, *kerchief, linen dress for the head*
Conquefs, *conquest*
Cordyt, *concorded*
Contre, *country*
Cornykle, *chronicle*
Crummade, *Cromarty*
Cragevyum, *Cragunyn.* B. 7. v. 649
Cuk, cok, *centinel*
Crawis, *crabs*
Cunnel-bane, *collar-bone*
Cur, *cure*
Cultir-hoppis, *Cultir-hope*
Cummerit, *encumbered*

D

DAIT, *time*
Dauch, daw, *lazy, idle*
Dede, *death*
Der, *injury*
Dewory, *devoir, duty*
Dipplyne, *Duplin near Perth*
Dern, *dark, concealed*
Defs, *desk, seat, table*
Deit, *died*
Derfly, *strongly*
Douir, *Dover*
Down, *Down Castle*
Drychyn, dreiching, *drawing, tarrying*
Dreich, *slowly, at a distance*
Durplin, *Duplin near Perth*

Dykis, *trenches*
Dyrk, *dark*

E

EFFER, *appearance*
Ellys, *elſe*
Erewyn, *Irvine*
Erſche, *Iriſh*
Etlyt, *aimed*
Eyme, *uncle*

F

FADRS, *fathers*
Fais, *foes*
Familiar, *of the ſame nation or kindred*
Fand, *found*
Far, *fair*
Faſteing, *a ſting or pole faſtened*
Faſſoun, *faſhion*
Fayis, *foes*
Faw, *fall*
Faggaldys, *faggots*
Feiſe. B. 9. v. 1564, *ſurname of Lady Douglas*
"Feill at ze leid fall erar loſs ye lyff." B. 7. v. 868, viz. *Many that you lead, ſhall earlier loſe the life*
Ferd, *fourth*
Ferdely, *fearfully*
Fey, *fatal, unfortunate, unhappy*
Fewtir, *in ranks*
Feid, *feud, hatred, quarrel*
Feill ſyſs, *many times*
Fewtir, *felt, became*
Feryt, *became*
Feld, *field*
Feill, *many*
Fevirzer, *February*
Fellaſt, *fierceſt*
Fellis, *fails*
Flytting, *removing*
Floryng, *florins*
Flothis, *floods*
Forrown, *forerun*
Foryours, *forragers*
Forſychan, *Torphichen*
Forrag, *forage, reconnoitre*
Forn, *food*
Foreſt Kirk, *Selkirk*
Foſtyr, *foſter, nouriſh*
Forſye, *for force*
Fra, *from*
Truſtir us, *fruſtrate*
Frekis, *ſports, whims*
Frekis, *light follows*
Frawart, *from, froward, fromward*

Fryſaill,

Fryſaill, Frazer, *a ſurname*
Freich, *to free*
Fygourt, *figured*
Fyfe, *five*
Fur, *fare, make uſe of.*

G

GA, *go*
Gadalos, *Gadalis*
" Gaddrys off ye gawdy fer," B. 1c. v. 342, in a former printed edition, *Gadders of Gaudifer*
Ganze, *javelin, arrow*
Gargownno, *Gargunnock*
Garraid, *Gerard*
Garth, *yard, incloſure*
Garmand, *ganand, fit, proper*
Gardoune, *juriſdiction*
Gart, *cauſed*
Ger, *accoutrements*
Gert on, *cauſed one*
Geyeler, *Jaylor*
Gowlis, *gules, red*
Glowis, *gloves*
Glamrous, *clamorous*
Greis, *grey colour*
Grete, *grate.* B. 7. v. 67
Gre, *degree*
Grathis, *clothes*
Gyrth, *gerth, refuge*
Gyllſland, *Guilderland*
Guana, Gyan, *Guienne.*

H

HABOUNDANLE, *abundantly*
Haddyr, *heath*
Haile, *whole*
Haboundyt, *abounded*
Halſe, *throat, neck*
Harn-pan, *ſkull*
Hard, *heard*
Harns, *brains*
Hathyngtown, *Haddington*
Haldyn, *holden, eſteemed*
Hals, *throat, neck*
He, *high*
Heith, *high*
Heaſt, *higheſt*
Her, *heir.* B. 7. v. 41
Herbyage, *harbourage, retreat*
Her, *here*
Hewynnis, *heavens*
Hecht, *denominated*
Hangyt, *hanged*
Hint, *took*
Ho, *ſtop*
Howlat, *owl*
Hoo, *interruption*

Hyr, *heir*
Hydwyfs, *hideous, terrible*
Hynt, *pulled, lifted.*

I

IN, uſed for *and*, B. i. v. 112
Imbaſſet, *ambaſſador*
Inwey, *envy*
Innys, *inn*
Inlumyt, *illuminate*
Joppis-bog, B. 6. v. 705. *Roppis-bog*
Jowell, *jewel.*

K

KAMYSKYNETT, *abbey of Cambus Kenneth*
Kerwyt, *carved*
Keſt, *caſt*
Kingace, *Kincace*
Kneland, *ſurname of Cleland*
Kyll, *Kyle*
Kynrick, *kingdom*
Kyth, *Kythe, ſhewed, appeared.*

L

LATT, let, *ſtop, hinder*
Lattyn, *hindrance*
Lawit, *low.* B. 5. v. 156
Law, *low*
Lawte, *humbleneſs*
Ledys, *Leeds*
Lemand, leme, *gleam, flame*
Lekle, *Leckie near Gargunnock, Stirling-ſhire*
Ledaill, *Liddiſdale*
Leryt, *learned*
Leit, *let*
Lewyng, living, *ſuſtenance*
Levir, levar, *rather*
Lewyſs, *leaves of trees*
Leythand, *ſighing*
Lewit, levit, *allowed, granted*
Lewyn-houſe, *Lennox.* B. 11. v. 823.
Lieffe, *live, leave*
Licaym, *limbs.*
Longcaſtle, *Lancaſter*
Locklute, *lock'd*
Longcaſchyr, *Lancaſhire*
Lorn, *loſt*
Lund, *London*
Lugit, *lodged*
Lundors, *Lundores-abbey*
Luff-burd, *looſ-board*
Lyflat, *the very ſame*
Lynt, *lint, flax.*

MA,

M

MA, *more*
Macht, *matcht*
Mar, *mayor*
Maſt, *moſt*
Mayne, *moan*
May, *more*
Matelent, *rage, great deſire*
Mayre, *Mary*
Mayre ſcheyne. B. 2. v. 336, *for the ſake of the glorious, or virgin Mary*
Maters, materis, *matrons, mothers*
Meſſan wode, *Methven wood*
Mernys, *Merns near Glaſgow*
Melle, *conteſt, battle*
Menys, *moans, complains*
Mete, *meet*
Mekill, *much*
Modyr, *mother*
Mony, *many*
Miſdears, *miſ-doers, evil-doers*
Mur, *demure*
Myſtred, *needed*

N

NERCH, *March.* B. 10 v. 101, Counteſs of March.
Neuo, *nephew*
Nounys, *nuns*
Noune, *noon*
Noyir, *neither.*

O

O, Oye, *grandchild*
Ochtell, *Ochill-hills*
Ogart, *terror*
Or, *before, ere*
Oft-ſyiſs, *oft-times*
Oſt, *hoſt*
Our-lord, *over-lord*
Outrage, *outrageous*
Our-heyde, *overtook*
Our, *over*
Oyir, *other*
Oychall, *Ochill-hills*
Oyſs, *uſe, cuſtom, practice.*

P

PALZEON, *tent*
Pape, *Pope*
Par, *impair*
Peſs, *peace*
Peill, *fort, caſtle*
Pepe, *Pope*

Purway,

Purway, *purvey*
Piſſand, *puiſſant, ſtrength*
Pout-ſtaff, *ſtrong ſtaff*
Poille, *Pole*
Propheſye out, B. 2. v. 169 in the printed editions. *A per ſe of*
Powed, *pulled*
Prynſnall, *principal*
Pute, *pity*
Pur no rik, *poor nor rich*
*** *No Engliſhman would deem them acting amiſs, poor nor rich.* B. 5. v. 378
Pyt, *to pity.*

R

RA, Rae, *a ſurname* B. 10. v. 454
Racunnyſs, *recognize*
Rang, range, *rank, order*
Rabutyt, rebutit, *repulſed*
Rapys, *ropes*
Ragment, *diſcourſe, collection, treaty*
Ray, *ſong of triumph, array*
Raw, *row, rank*
Rawllit, *ruled*
Ramuff, *remove*
Rede, reid, *counſel, read*
Reik, *ſmoke*
Reury, reevery, *robbery*
Rerd, *clamour, noiſe*
Rad, *afraid*
Rew, *repent, regret*
Roman, *Roman uſe.* B. 10. v. 1003, *Roman Church Service*
Rodds, *Rhodes Iſland*
Royd, *void.* B. 5. v. 77
Rouſchede, *ruſhed*
Rought, *attained*
Rok, *diſtaff*
Roy, *king*
Rouch-rowlyngs, *rulzions, brogues, or, open ſhoes untanned*
Rik, *rich*
Repende, *rampart*
Ruthly, *ſorely*
Ruff, *roof*
At Ruff, *under roof*
Ruwan, *Ruthven*
Rudyrfurd, *Rutherfurd*
Ryk, *kingly, kingdom*
Ryvirfurd, *Rutherford.*

S

SA, *ſo*
Saffir, *ſapphire*

Salk,

Salk, *ſake*
Salt, *a fault*
Sawely, *alone, ſolely*
Said, *to trouble, to make ſore*
Sawit, *ſaved*
Saw, *a ſaying, to declare;* B. 2. v. 304, "for awenture might ſaw," *as adventure might ſhew*
Salt, *aſſault*
Sanct Johnſtoune, *Perth*
Sanyt, *healed, ſaved*
Sanct Beis Hede, *St Bay's Head*
Sawcher, *Sanquhar*
Sey, *trial, proof, taſting*
Seſſoun, *ſeaſon*
Senzeit, *feigned.* B. 5. v. 926
Semle, *aſſembly*
Sey, *ſea*
Swyr, ſware, *the neck*
Sekar, *cut*
Seir, fere, *ſore ſeveral, many*
Se, *ſee*
Serd, *ſerved*
Sily, *ſilly*
Sent, *ſend*
Sentryſs, gentrice, *gentility, generoſity*
Sellis, *cells*
Scroggy, *thorny, buſhy*
Schyff, ſchryve, *confeſs*
Senzie, *Signior, Lordſhip* B. 10. v. 139
Schot, *put forth, launched*
Schoys, *ſhoes*
Schaw, *a ſurname,* B. 6. v. 70
Schent, *ſent, confounded*
Scry ſone raiſs, "*the cry ſoon raiſe,*" B. 4. v. 671
Sembled, *aſſembled*
Scor, *twenty*
Scule, *School*
Scaithis, *hurts, injuries*
Sedane, *ſudden*
Serwis, *deſerves*
Sekar, *cut*
Schonkit, *ſhaked*
Scanſyt, *ſcanned*
Scrymmags, ſcrymage, *ſkirmiſh in ſport*
Scheyne, ſchene, *clean, ſhining, beautiful*
Seildyn, *ſeldom*
Semly, *handſome.*
Shaw, *a wood or grove*
Sitful, *ſorrowful*

Sekar, *ſure, certain*
Siyſs, *aſſize*
Sophammis, *ſophiſms*
Syng, *ſign*
Sone, *ſoon*
Soudly, *ſuddled*
Sperd, *aſked, enquired*
Souzhe, or ſouch, *noice*
Slonk, *Slough, ditch, marſhy ground*
Sleid, ſtaid, *den, valley*
Segs, *ſeges, men*
Sper, *ſpear*
Snell, *ſharp, keen*
Spayn, *ſpoon*
South-gait, *South-ſtreet*
Slewit, *ſlipped*, B. 7. v. 207
Slew fyre, *ſtruck fire*
Sowmir, *ſumpter horſe*
Souerty, *ſurety*
Stark, ſterk, *ſtrong*
Stragyll, *ſtraggle*
Se, *ſo*
Stynt, ſtint, *ſtop, delay*
Strowbill, *trouble, troubleſome*
Stewyn, ſteven, *mouth, voice, ſound*
Stewyn, *Steven*
Stall, *ſtole*
Staill, ſtale, *ſeparate party, ambuſh, ſecret place*
Stapill, *ſtable, ſure*
Stark, *ſtout*
Stikyt, *ſticked, ſtabbed*
Sle, *ſly*
Streſtly, *fully*
Stark, ſtur, *ſtout and brave*
Steide, ſtede, *place, condition*
Stuart, *ſteward*
Stelled, ſtolled, *ſtowed*
Swyth, *ſwift*
Suerd, *ſword*
Swa, *ſo*
Suete, *ſweat*
Swappyt, *ſnapped, drew*
Swak, ſwake, *a throw, ſhock*
Swyth, *quickly*
Syſe, ſeis, *poſſeſſion*
Swaket, *caſt*
Syn, *after*
Syn, *there, next*

T.

TA, *take*
Tawkand, *talking*
Tirandry, *tyranny*
Teyn, *ſorrow, hurt, anger*
Terand, *tyrant*
Thryllage,

Thre, *three*
Thryllage, *vaſſalage*
Thewittil, *whittle, ſhort knife*
The, *thigh*
Thruſande, *burniſhed*
Tholyt, *ſuffered, endured*
Thigged, *begged*
Till, *to, unto*
To, *too*
To is frequently uſed for *in*, as, Left ye lyff to wed, *left their life in wed.* B. 4. v. 6 3.
Tournberry, *Turnbury*
Topaſtone, *Topaz ſtone*
Towboth, *Priſon*
Traſtyt, *truſted*
Trewis it words tak, B. 3. v. 271. *It behoves us to take truce*
Tranontit, traventit, *marched ſuddenly*
Tre, *tree, timber*
Tythings, *tidings*
Turſs *be carried haſtily*
Tynt, *loſt*

V

UMQUHILL, *ere while, formerly*
Unruboytyt, unrebytyt, *unrepulſed*
Unſowerable, *inſufferable*
Uſs, *uſe*
Utaſs, *octaves.* B. 6. v. 1
Vikyt, *irked, feared.*

W

WA, *ſorrow, ſorry*
Waith, waif, *goods found or unowned*
Wala, *valley*
Waite, *wote*
Waille, *vale*
Wailland, *chooſing*
Waillis, *Wales*
War, *aware*
Warlage, *deed of valour*
Waill, *value*
Wappynys, *weapons*
Wauntyt, *amiſſing*
Waynys, *veins*
Wayne, *home, habitation*
Warnage or vernage, *domeſtic food*
Waryit, *accurſed*
War, *were*
Wanyſs, wanes, *places of abode*
Wawerand wynd, *wavering wind*

Wageourſs,

Wageourſs, *mercenaries*
Wer, *war, warlike expedition, wear*
Werray, *very*
Weſtermar, *farther weſt*
Wend, *to go*
Weild, *guide or manage*
Wenys, *thinkeſt*
Wedeis, *withes, twigs*
Wed, *pledge*
Weryte, *verity*
Wend, weened, *imagined*
Weildand weylle, *well as he could wiſh*
Wer, ver, *ſpring*
Weyne, ween, but weyne, *without doubt*
Weſche, *waſh*
Wicht, *valiant, ſtrong*
Wicke, *wrack, revenge*
Wittaill, *victual*
Wincuſt, *vanquiſhed*
" William Lang Douglace," *William Douglas Lang, &c.* B. 10. v. 1009
Wok, *walked*
Wower, *voaver, woer*
Woo, *wo, ſorrowful*
Wowyn, *woven*
Wownnand, *winning, dwelling*
Worthit to weide, *became frantic*
Worthis, *waxes*
Worth, *grew, became*
Worthit, *waxed*
Wrokyn, *wreaked, avenged*
Wrandly, *like to ſwarm or flock*
Wycht *with, ſtrong*
Wyrking, *working.*

Y

YAN, *then, than,*
Ymage, *homage*
Yne action, B. 3. v. 363 informer editions "*thine nation*"
Yocht, *thought*
Yrage, *Iriſh*
Yrk, irk, *fear, wearineſs.*

Z

ZA, *yea yes*
Zeid, *went*
Zett, *yet, gate, door*
Zhetts, *yets, gates*
Zuheyll, *wheel.*

PR
1989
H6A7
1790
v.2

Henry, the Minstrel
The metrical history of
Sir William Wallace

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY